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WHEN Mr. Roosevelt read that a presidential boom had been launched for him by Professor Münsterberg in a letter to the *Fatherland,* he must have felt as if he had been embraced affectionately by one of his own African lions. Nor would there have been much solace if the lion said, "Of all men who have entered this jungle, you, my dear Colonel, are the most leonine. And because we are both lion-hearted we can afford to despise the jackasses and kangaroos. True, Colonel, you have hunted us, but you are a good lion nevertheless, and we respect you. Besides, it occurs to me that if the lions united, the logothetes would tremble, and in the depths of my heart I have even a sneaking hope that if the lions were friendly to you you might cease to hunt them." Full justice has not yet been done to Professor Münsterberg. His letter was a nimble mixture of foolery and truth, of malice and sincerity—accurate enough to be very amusing, and amusing enough to bewilder and embarrass. Professor Münsterberg must have enjoyed writing it, and many will enjoy reading it; but as a political document it is about nine times too clever.

YET here is Mr. Roosevelt back on the first page, the object of everyone's curiosity, the only man mentioned for the Republican nomination who excites the least popular interest. Those who announce his extinction because they wish it are once again wrong. Someone else may be nominated, but the Colonel is the man everyone has to reckon with. And even his bitterest enemy will have to confess that his hold on the attention of America is due to qualities invaluable in a democracy. He has taken a positive line, he has created a real opposition, he has presented a real alternative. He has fought for a point of view with reckless courage; his cards are all on the table while other "leaders" remain wrapped in the gloom of their prudence, resolved to make no enemies and capable of making few friends. Let no one be surprised at Mr. Roosevelt's resurrection. He is filling the vacuum where Republican leadership ought to be.

THE Senate Committee on the Philippines has devised a most desirable formula of independence for the preamble of the measure reorganizing the Philippine government. The Jones bill, as it passed the House of Representatives in the last Congress, promised independence "as soon as a stable government can be established." In the bill which failed in the Senate last winter, independence was to be granted "when the people of the Philippines were fitted therefor." The preamble now provides for independence "when in the judgment of the United States it will be to the permanent interests of the people of the Philippine Islands." The advantages of the new formula are manifest and considerable. Both of its predecessors uttered a promise which because of its ambiguity and vagueness tended to embarrass the Philippine government and to distract and delude the Filipinos. The promise was to be redeemed at the discretion of Congress and might be indefinitely postponed, but in the meantime the Filipinos were encouraged to attach a wholly factitious importance to an independence which they might not finally desire, but the

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lack of which wrote them down as politically childish and incompetent. They were bound to agitate for independence, because in their own constitution self-government was associated with it. Thus even though neither of the old forms was adopted, their mere proposal and discussion have been a perpetual source of vexation to the Harrison administration, and have made it more difficult to organize a government in which the Filipinos should have the largest practicable share.

MANY existing difficulties will be avoided by the proposed new formula of Philippine reorganization. Independence is no longer bound up with self-government. As the more intelligent Filipinos very well realize, independence is a definite status with specific and onerous responsibilities under international law, while self-government is a fluctuating quantitative matter. Independence might be undesirable even though in the ability to govern themselves Filipinos measured up to the level of Australians. Its desirability would depend not only upon the people's ability to organize and operate a tolerable government, but on their ability to protect themselves against exploitation and invasion from without. The new formula does not promise independence until it can be justified by the permanent interests of the Philippine people. The United States retains the right to decide when this promise shall be redeemed, which may in the future be a source of trouble, but for the present the embarrassment suffered by the Harrison administration in having the transaction of all its business complicated by an irrelevant agitation for more self-government should be very much diminished. The independence of the Philippine Islands is a question of foreign as well as domestic politics. It is a matter to be considered in relation to the general political situation in the Far East. Until the readjustments necessitated in that part of the world by the war have actually taken place, the less said about it the better.

WHEN will Americans begin to trust public opinion to use political resistance and provide political remedies against erroneous political action? At present they are obsessed by the notion that all future errors can be prevented by legal precautions. We are almost as much attached to the word "verboten" as the Germans themselves. Dr. Theodore Woolsey, for instance, has proclaimed an infallible method of attaining "Sanity in Preparedness." He proposes to prohibit the use of the new federal army for service outside of this country as an expeditionary force. It is to be used only for defence. The suggestion will prove popular, and attempts will certainly be made in the House or the Senate to provide in this way by law against the aggressive use of the new military forces of the United States. Yet such a prohibition, vicious as it would be as a matter of military method, would be even more vicious as a matter of politics. The armed forces of the United States are an essential although inferior instrument of national policy. If the policy adopted by the country is sound, adequate and enlightened, they will never be used for sinister or harmful purposes, but the effective safeguard is the definition and popularization of the enlightened policy, not futile prohibitions against particular methods of perversion. Our foreign policy is not and should not be merely defensive; if it were, it might be as necessary to fight a merely defensive war in Venezuela, Hayti, or Flanders as on Long Island. A policy of defence, whether military or political, is a policy based on isolation, nourished by fear, and perpetually verging on panic. It is an impoverished and unworthy policy for a nation which should wish to be aggressive in the attempt to realize in both foreign and domestic politics its own sincerely democratic purposes.

THE Anglo-French expedition into Serbia, now withdrawn into Greece, did achieve at least one of its objects, for it delayed that rapid advance of Bulgarian infantry to Ochrida via Monastir which would have cut off the last avenue of Serbian retreat. It is now clear that the principal Serbian force, retiring in a general southwesterly direction from Nish with 20,000 or 30,000 Austrian prisoners, did actually succeed in reaching Elbasan in Albania by way of Ochrida (Ochrida is in the extreme southwestern corner of Serbia). From Elbasan to Valona the distance is about eighty-four miles, part mule path, part wagon road, but it is better than the mountain trail, already traversed, between Elbasan and Struga on the Serbian-Albanian frontier, and Italian resupply and reënforcement will be available from Valona. According to the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, this is the only road from Valona into Macedonia, and Valona is the only Albanian port which can receive transports of even moderate draft. Therefore the reasons for non-intervention of Italian troops either in the past or future in a Balkan campaign become evident. Nevertheless it is probable that the main Serbian army is close to Valona to-day, no doubt very hungry, certainly without its guns, but still hanging on to almost all those Austrian prisoners captured last December. The Teutonic official reports have never announced their recapture. Estimates of Serbian numbers will vary, but 100,000 Serbs have very likely escaped. Another Serbian army, the army of the Bosnian frontier, retired into Montenegro and is withdrawing with the Montenegrins

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toward Scutari, a far less secure haven of refuge than Valona. The Austrian campaign in Montenegro still continues. All told, there are probably not more than 30,000 or 40,000 Serbo-Montenegrins left in this theatre of the war. No danger threatens the Teutonic allies from Scutari or from Valona. Saloniki, the gate of Macedonia, is the only point of vantage which the Allies still retain in the Balkans, and it is against Saloniki, from a military point of view, that the next Teutonic offensive should be launched.

ACCORDING to the usually well informed Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune,* the real explanation of President Wilson's treatment of the European belligerents is to be found in the hope and expectation of a future intimacy between the United States and the British Empire. It would have been manifestly dangerous for the President to express this preference in any overt way, but it has determined the relative emphasis of his protests against the belligerents' violation of international law. Whether the preference for an increasing intimacy with Great Britain exists in the President's mind and has influenced his behavior we do not know, but his interest in maritime commerce and sea power would make the inference plausible. He must know that Great Britain and the United States cannot be really independent of one another, and that a frank recognition of mutual dependence would add enormously to the security of the two countries and their effective influence in international politics. To be sure, whether he knows it or not he cannot say it, but he can say, as the Chicago *Tribune* says, that isolation from Europe is no longer either possible or desirable for the United States. And having said it he could trust to his fellow countrymen to read the salutary lesson—the lesson that no perfection of friendship with the other free and equal republics of the west will constitute any substitute for a clear and comprehensive understanding with our necessary associates on land and sea—Canada and Great Britain.

SECRETARY GARRISON'S continental army if not already dead is apparently gasping for breath. It was a pretty little child, dressed up to make a good appearance in public, but it was fatally anaemic. Nobody was interested in keeping it alive. Congress was indifferent because Congress lives upon politics, and there would be much more political nourishment in a reorganization of the state militia than in the creation of a federal militia. The military experts were hostile because most of them believe in compulsory service, and they did not want a voluntary system to succeed. They have never patiently and exhaustively tried to devise methods of making service in a national militia sufficiently attractive. Worst of all, the parents of the unfortunate infant were not themselves very much interested in keeping their offspring alive. The administration has no strong convictions about the kind of an army best adapted to the country's needs. It has submitted certain ideas to Congress and the country, but the President has no intention of fighting for them as he fought for the currency bill. The death of the continental army is a pity, because the idea of a national body of volunteer citizens trained during peace is too desirable a method of military organization to be abandoned without being seriously tried. But Congress would never agree to it except under compulsion, and the administration is the only agency sufficiently instructed and powerful to exercise the necessary force. Assuming that the administration will not fight hard, the end is inevitable.

ACCORDING to Associated Press despatches from Rome, the total Italian losses from six months of war aggregate 45,000 casualties. The same report gives the number of men now engaged at about 1,000,000 and it is a safe estimate that the average number on the Austrian front since Italy entered the war has been about 750,000. Among a half million men employed by the American railways in positions involving risk to life—trainmen, switchmen, etc.—the annual casualties exceed 50,000. It seems to follow that war-making conducted by Italian methods is little, if any, more dangerous than transportation conducted by American methods. War-making on the eastern side of the Adriatic is a more serious business. Little Serbia has endured more casualties in a single week than great Italy reports for six months. With all due allowance for probable understatement in the Italian reports, the conclusion seems unavoidable that Italy is playing a remarkably cautious game.

THERE is a remarkable contrast between the policy of Cavour, the founder of Italian unity, and that of the Italian statesmen of to-day who are seeking to found Italian imperialism. By skillful manoeuvering Cavour succeeded in 1854 in gaining the consent of France and England to the dispatch of Sardinian troops to the Crimea. It was of no direct interest to Sardinia that Russia should be beaten, but by helping to fight the battles of France and England, Cavour won for Sardinia an important place in the Congress of Paris and committed the sympathies of France and England to the cause of Italian union. It is quite another spirit that animates the Italian statesmen of the present. They are spending no blood on any pro-

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ject that does not offer visible and immediate profit to Italy. There were enough unoccupied Italian troops to fill the valley from Belgrade to Nish and to make the Teutonic irruption into Serbia impracticable. Their presence would have kept Bulgaria out of the fray, and would have immobilized large Teutonic forces on the Hungarian frontier, with an advantage to the Allies as a whole that would have been incalculable. But was there not a chance that the profit might have fallen to Serbia or Russia? Doubtless there was; and the current variety of Italian statesmanship, unlike that of the great Cavour, takes no chances.

MUCH has been written about what should be the relation of a statesman to the people of a democracy. No better answer could be given than to point to Secretary Lane's annual report. The head of a highly technical department of the government, a man dealing daily with very complicated facts, Mr. Lane has nevertheless succeeded in making his work understandable and alluring. His report is an example of the art of popularizing knowledge in its most inspiring form. There is no condescension in it, but a gifted enthusiasm and the warm assurance that its writer is singularly in tune with the very best of America. "I make bold to express the hope that no other policy of this government may be allowed to stay the internal development of this country." This is its first sentence, and it goes on to express the fear that the strengthening of the military forces will leave the government "so immersed in matters military and naval as to overlook these matters of less dramatic and perhaps less immediate concern." These are words which might be printed on the little bits of cardboard and tacked up over the desk of every official, every editor, and every citizen of the country.

A Negligible Germany

IN another column there is printed an extremely disquieting letter from Mr. Hilaire Belloc about the temper of the prevailing public opinion among the western Allies in respect to Germany. It was written to correct what its author fears may be a misinterpretation of the French and English attitude. THE NEW REPUBLIC has published several articles by correspondents suggesting that French and English opinion would be satisfied with an inconclusive ending to the war or a minor victory. Mr. Belloc seeks to expose any such falsification of the facts. His experience, his birth and his traditions, and his large circle of acquaintances combine to give authority to his judgment about French and British opinion. From the fulness of his knowledge he declares without hesitation or qualification that the two countries are united in the "determination to reduce the enemy to impotence." Any achievement short of this would be regarded by them as utterly and culpably inadequate. Neither does he leave us in any doubt as to the proposed contents of the phrase "reducing the enemy to impotence." He means the killing of the German nation as an effective political organism. A political unit known as Germany will of course survive the war, but it will have been started on a journey which is to end in negligibility or extinction.

The object of Mr. Belloc's letter is not to justify the "determination" of French and English public opinion but to establish its truth. He asserts parenthetically that if the "Prussian tradition . . . is allowed to survive," "the old and rooted civilization of Europe is doomed"; but what he is most interested in establishing is the reality of the intention to exterminate Germany as a political body, and its entire practicability. If the Allies get Germany down, they will never give her a chance to recover. As a matter of sound political policy they will protect themselves by doing to Germany what Rome did to Carthage, or what so many victors in the wars of the past have done to their vanquished foes.

Although Mr. Belloc is very much more of an authority on French and English public opinion than we are, we refuse to accept the fidelity of this report. Undoubtedly most of the official statements which have been made in public about the object for which the Allies are fighting assert rather less sharply the same general purpose of reducing Germany to political impotence. Undoubtedly also these statements reflect a widespread and sincere conviction held not only by the ruling classes in the Allied countries but by many of the people. But surely they express a temporary flood of angry and righteous resentment rather than the quality of determination necessary to carry the proposed program into effect. The deliberate policy of making the German nation politically negligible in the future history of Europe would require for its realization a tenacity of purpose and an utter lack of moral scruple which is no part of the prevailing popular state of mind in France and Great Britain. The French and English people are infuriated at what they take to be a dangerous and wanton attack on their security and independence. In their indignation they are making resolutions to do many terrible things to Germany, but if their indignation is really well-intentioned, as we believe it is, they will never seriously seek to do as much as they say. When righteous indignation becomes the excuse for carrying out an unrighteous and unwise policy, it is soon either dissipated or transformed into a blind and malevolent passion.

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We prefer the first of these alternatives.

The meaning of the state of mind reflected in Mr. Belloc's letter is rather military than political. The Allies have a military task ahead of them similar to that which confronted the Germans at the beginning of the war. They must assume the offensive and drive the enemy out of a large amount of occupied territory. The enterprise will subject the morale of their armies to the severest kind of test. The traditional methods of the drill sergeant will not avail to keep soldiers advancing in regular formation under the gruelling losses, the crash and the confusion of a modern attack. That they may survive the shock as a coherent body they need to be possessed by a spirit of fanaticism similar to that which had apparently been deliberately cultivated in the German army, and which in the fall of 1914 was being justified by German intellectuals and moralists. Something similar seems to be happening among the Allies. There has been of late a perceptible increase of hatred against Germany, which, although to a much smaller extent, is receiving a partial justification from French and English intellectuals and moralists. Probably it will become more embittered during the course of the Allied offensive in the spring and summer; but in proportion as that offensive is successful it will diminish. The hatred is the child of fear, and as soon as the fear is robbed of its immediate oppressiveness the anger of the Allies will cease to dominate their minds and compel their wills. The people of France and Great Britain after the suffering and losses of two years will not consent to a continuation of the fighting for the sake of doing to their enemies precisely what they insist their enemies shall not do to them.

Even assuming that the Allies have the military power absolutely to break down German resistance, they will not and cannot convert a military triumph into a policy of deliberately extinguishing Germany as a political power. Of course the victors in a war can actually exterminate the vanquished as Rome exterminated Carthage. Or they can extinguish the political influence of a conquered people without exterminating them, as Rome extinguished the independent political life among the Greeks and the Jews. But these vague historical parallels, like those quoted by Mr. Belloc, are irrelevant and delusive. As we know from the history of Poland and the Balkans, modern nations are singularly tenacious of life, and the attempt to extinguish them is more dangerous to the conquerors than to the conquered. Mr. Belloc's policy of reducing Germany to impotence is "illusionary" because it is malevolent. By a supreme effort the Allies might succeed in making and keeping Germany politically negligible, but they would themselves gradually become politically degenerate. They would be subordinating the political ideal of living and letting others live to the military ideal of slaying your enemy so as to prevent him from slaying you. In order to root out the "Prussian tradition in Germany" they would be seeding and cultivating it in their own political garden. They would be acting according to principles which they were pretending to destroy. They would be "dooming" the European civilization which they were so officiously and hypocritically proposing to safeguard.

The Allies will never win security for the future by exacting retribution for the past. They cannot treat Germany as a criminal without playing the part of judge and jailer. They are too good to act as jailer with any conviction; they are not good enough to act as judge. The German nation has made a culpable mistake. The future security of Europe depends chiefly on the recognition of this mistake by a sufficient number of the German people, and whatever the Allies do to Germany they should do nothing to make this recognition impossible. The proposal to reduce Germany to political impotence would not only prevent the mistake from being recognized, but would serve to perpetuate and even consecrate its impulse and its machinery. A Europe which conspired and combined to bring about the political extinction of Germany would be a Europe in which the German nation could survive only as a conqueror. Every German with any vision or spirit, no matter how liberal his sympathies and ideas, would be possessed by a passionate desire to see his country restored to independence, and he would support any government or any policy which looked capable of effecting the restoration. Europe would be rent by an irreconcilable feud which would poison its own internal life and falsify its relation to the rest of the world. As to the United States, its traditional policy of avoiding political entanglements with European countries would be confirmed at the very moment when it was about to be abandoned. As a matter of ordinary prudence we would be forced to preserve and emphasize an isolation which would be our only protection against a corresponding demoralization in our own life.

Those Englishmen and Frenchmen who crave to punish Germany will have their opportunity as long as the war lasts. The Germans as a nation have been martial by conviction. They elected to submit their controversy with the Allies to the test of battle, and they have fought in a manner which has added a new brutality to the most brutal business that the conscience of mankind has permitted to survive. It is natural that Frenchmen and Englishmen should wish to do them harm; and if in the course of this war they drink of the same bitter cup which they have forced on the lips of the Belgians and the French, we should be the last to deny that the

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penalty was just. This kind of retribution the Allies are entitled to exact up to the measure of their ability. But if retaliation is part of the ethics of war it plays no part in the ethics of peace. The perfectly proper military method of doing your utmost to injure the enemy should be abandoned as soon as the fighting is over. The treaty of peace should be determined by political values, and there is no value in politics as fundamental as that of according to other people the same opportunity to live and grow that we demand for ourselves. The treaty which ended the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866 was beneficent because a great politician was wise and strong enough to resist the clamor of the soldiers for terms of peace which would perpetuate the quarrel. The treaty of Frankfort was maleficent because the same politician allowed its provisions to be determined by the military motive of protecting Germany against the consequences of an enmity which had been deliberately provoked. That the Allies will be able to start Germany on a journey of political extinction we do not for one moment believe; but even if they should be able to bring the German army to its knees, they would be mad and wicked to aim at keeping the German people in anything like the same position.

Southern Prosperity

IN the end the European war may prove a boon to the South. Though it has caused acute suffering among planters, merchants and manufacturers, it has enforced an invaluable lesson. It has convinced large sections of the Southern people that they cannot build their economic life upon cotton alone.

The lesson is not a new one. For decades agronomists and economists have preached against the prevailing one-crop system. It was a wasteful use of the land. It tended unduly to depress the price of cotton. It involved a heavy expenditure for food, fodder and fertilizers. Except in the richest bottom lands of the Mississippi valley, it meant a rapid exhaustion of the soil. It was highly speculative, for it based the agricultural prosperity of a whole section upon a crop which might rise or fall because of factors beyond the South's control. Despite this preaching the South still clung in the main to its one crop. Tradition, routine and shiftlessness worked in favor of cotton. It was the one pay-crop, the crop upon which usurious storekeepers were willing to advance money. Progress towards a diversification of crops was therefore comparatively slow until the ravages of the boll-weevil, and finally the low prices due to the war, gave to it a powerful impetus. When cotton prices sank, the farmers turned to the raising of hay, corn, oats, hogs and cattle.

The result has been spectacular. According to the latest reports of the Department of Agriculture, the cotton crop has declined about 23 per cent (from over 15,000,000 to about 11,000,000 bales). Not all this decline is due to a restriction of planting, for the crop itself has been damaged, but the net result of these two factors, aided by bad crops in Egypt and India, by better warehouse facilities in this country, and by the lending of money at low rates of interest by the Federal Reserve banks, has been to enable the South to market its cotton at leisure and secure better prices. But the most significant development has not been the reduction in the planting of cotton but the correspondingly increased planting of grain. While the cotton crop has decreased 23 per cent, the corn crop has increased 33 per cent, or 301,000,000 bushels over that of a year ago. The combined production in the Southern states of wheat, corn and oats is now 1,598,000,000 bushels, an increase of 27.4 per cent over the previous year, as compared with an increase of only 9½ per cent for the whole country. The total value of grain crops in the South amounts to $1,330,388,000, or considerably over 40 per cent above the average annual value of the cotton crop during the last decade.

The consequence of this partial escape from the obsession of cotton is a nearer approach to normal economic conditions. Six months ago cotton was selling at eight cents a pound, and there remained unsold one and one-third million bales in excess of the stocks of a year before. Merchants and manufacturers found their business restricted and their credit impaired. To-day the South is beginning to recover. Cotton is selling at twelve cents, and corn, oats and other agricultural products bring better prices. The South is regaining from cereals and live stock a part of what it has lost in cotton. It is the first fruits of an accelerated agricultural revolution.

No revolution takes place without counter-revolution, and no progress without reaction. We may therefore expect that as soon as cotton prices again rise, the cry will be "Back to cotton." The white fibre still holds the imagination of the South, as it did in the early years of the last century when the price went up to forty-four cents, or in the 'fifties when the South believed that cotton ruled the economic and political destinies of the world. Despite possible recessions, the tendency in the South must be towards a continuing economic expansion, which will make the role of cotton culture relatively less important. Industrially the South is coming into its own. It is beginning to utilize its varied resources. A diversified agriculture, an increase in large and small-scale manufacturing, and an expansion of commerce are all steps from a specialized agricultural dependency of Europe and of the North

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to a better balanced agricultural-industrial economy.

In this development agriculture must for a long time remain the chief factor. It is, of course, true that the opportunities for industrial and commercial expansion are immense. Already North and South Carolina are second and third in the manufacture of cotton, and Georgia is fifth. As many bales are consumed in the factories of the cotton-growing states as in all the rest of the country put together. The lumbering industry increases rapidly, and mining is becoming one of the greatest of industries. Birmingham begins to rival Pittsburgh, and all over the section lesser industries are growing rapidly. Mineral resources have hardly been touched, and the waterpower available for manufacturing is enormous. But even greater potentialities of progress inhere in Southern agriculture. Only a portion of the land is as yet used and that ineffectively, and vast tracts of fertile swamp land are waiting to be reclaimed. The rural population is still greatly in excess of the urban, and agricultural workers represent a far larger proportion of the total population in gainful pursuits than in any other section of the country. The chances for agricultural development easily outweigh the vast opportunities in mining, manufacturing and commerce, and what Sidney Lanier said over thirty years ago is still true to-day: "A vital revolution in the farming economy of the South, if it is actually occurring, is necessarily carrying with it all future Southern politics, and Southern relations, and Southern art, and such an agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really New South can be predicated."

Here lies the crux of the problem. Farming in the South is even more ineffective than in other parts of the country. Though the yield per acre compares favorably with that of the North, the yield per family or per farm is small. The Census of 1910 shows that the product per farm is only a little over $600 in the South Atlantic states, and a little under $500 in the South Central states, while the yield in the North Central states is almost $1,100. The comparison is not conclusive, but it at least suggests the startling difference between the standards of living on the farms of South and North. In 1910 the value of all farm property in the South was only $25.31 per acre, as compared with $40.93 in the West and $66.46 in the North. This is more than a mere difference in figures. It is a difference in civilization.

The primary cause of this inferiority of Southern agriculture is that the farms are cultivated by ignorant labor. The South has not yet completely adjusted itself to the problem of living without slavery. So long as negroes could be marshalled and led and driven on great plantations, a reasonable degree of efficiency might be obtained, however improvident and stupid the slaves. To-day the agricultural prosperity of the South depends largely upon the intellectual and industrial advance of the negro population. A shiftless, untrained, lazy man, be he black or white, will not launch out into new experiments, but will continue to exploit and kill his land in the bad old way. The low standard of education in the South both among poor whites and negroes, though this standard is steadily rising, is still the chief drawback to its steady and rapid progress towards better agriculture, and a higher civilization based on prosperity. The whites may draw the line ever so sharply against the negroes, but in the end the two races are tied together by that strongest of ties, common economic interests. Southern culture depends upon Southern prosperity, which depends upon agriculture, which in turn depends upon the negro. You cannot displace the negro by Italians or other European immigrants, and you cannot kill off the black men nor deport them. As the South advances, as the agricultural revolution, with its demand for higher skill, progresses, the necessity for a general raising of the standards of living and capacity of the negro agricultural population becomes more insistent.

Industrialism in its broadest sense—which includes agriculture—sets its stamp wherever it rules. In the South we already have the Southern "Yankee," who is quite as nearsightedly shrewd as was his brother of Connecticut. We have child labor, the exploitation of women, truck stores, the demand for a protective tariff, welfare work and a budding class-consciousness. But the best thing that has developed historically out of industrialism is the insistent demand in the interest of all that every child shall receive some measure of education and equipment for life. In the South this would seem to be the next step.

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An Invasion of Egypt?

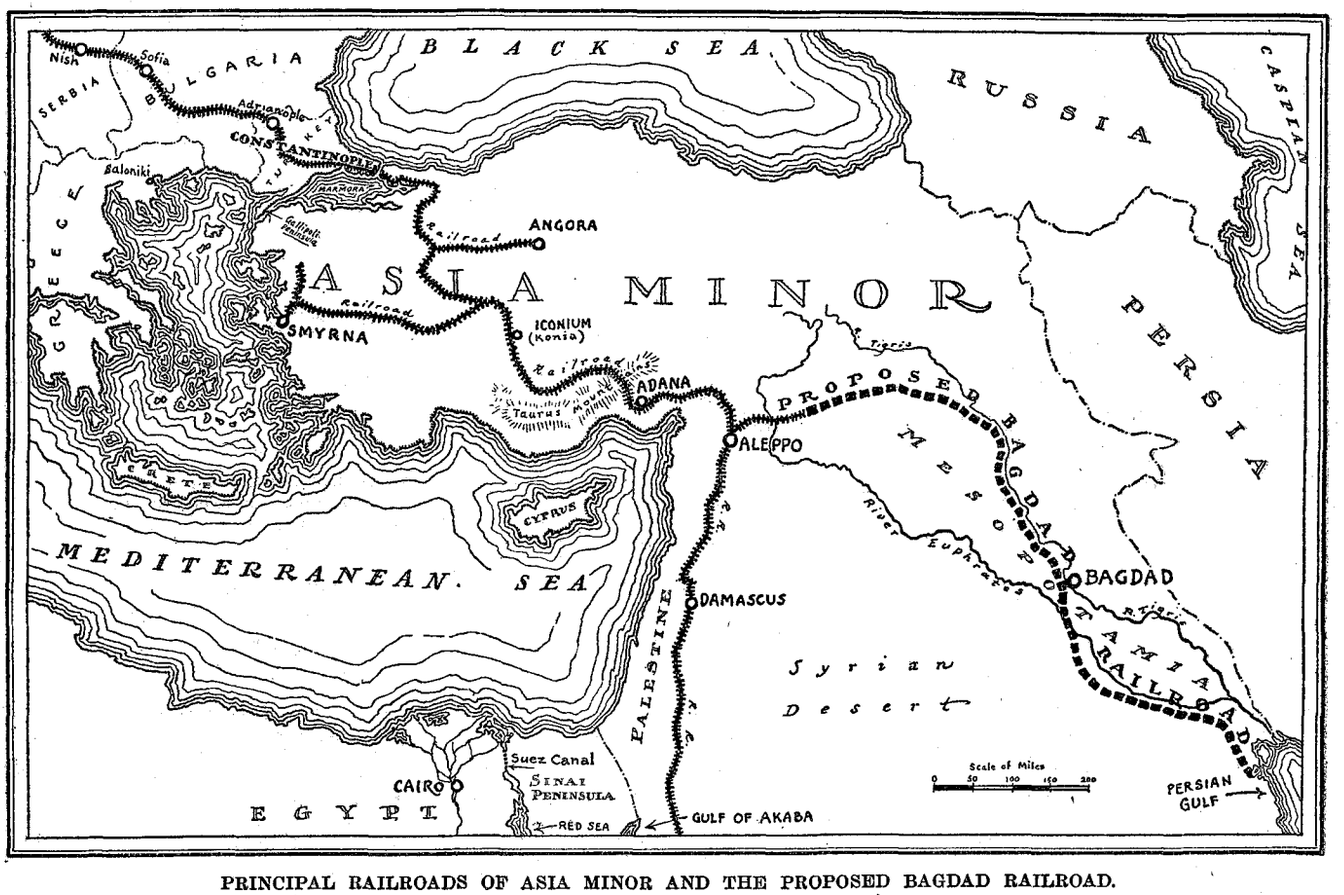
ENVER BEY in a recent speech before the Turkish parliament declared that there were two million Turks under arms. The inhabitants of the Turkish Empire are numbered as twenty-five million, of whom some, like the Kurds and Arabs of the desert, are uncivilized, and of whom some, like the Armenians and Greeks, are disloyal. Two million men armed out of a population of twenty-five million would be a percentage as good or better than the percentage of England's military forces, and it would therefore be scarcely safe to accept the figures of Enver Bey. But assuming that there are 1,500,000 Turks "under arms" in different stages of training and equipment, the German general staff is not likely to let them remain idle. The task is the usual difficult one of providing coördinated staff work, auxiliary services, and munitions.

The determination and patriotism of the Turkish recruits is attested by numerous neutral observers. There is nothing at all the matter with the raw material. Moreover, in all probability at least a quarter of a million have seen some service on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and some of these troops could be used as a nucleus round which the less trained recruits might be assembled. Imagine an army of 300,000 or 400,000 Turks enlisted in a holy war of conquest, their transport and artillery service coördinated by German staff officers, and assisted by three or four German and Bulgarian divisions. Such an army could undoubtedly carry out a serious offensive movement.

According to German advices which may or may not be trustworthy, there will be a Turkish offensive, and the object will be the Suez Canal and Egypt. The difficulties of the plan, and its chances of achieving success, are of considerable military and political interest.

From Belgrade to Constantinople it will be the duty of the Bulgarian army to keep the railway open, and this they should be able to do without difficulty, provided there are no new developments in the Balkans hostile to the Central Powers. Over that railway must come the munitions necessary to the Turks, and it is fair to assume that the trainloads will soon be arriving at Constantinople. The question at once arises, will the Turks thus resupplied attempt an offensive against the remaining British and French forces at Seddul Bahr, or will they be content to maintain a strong defensive.

An answer is impossible. There are, however, some reasons for supposing that the Turks will



PRINCIPAL RAILROADS OF ASIA MINOR AND THE PROPOSED BAGDAD RAILROAD.

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simply hold their present positions for the time being. One reason is that the Germans are well satisfied to keep a large allied force immobilized at the Dardanelles; a second reason is that a Turkish offensive would not promise the best results until the Allies attempted re-embarkment, in which case Allied losses would very likely be immense—even in view of the successful British retirement from Suvla Bay. At any rate it is quite possible that the German general staff will devote Turkish energies to an attack elsewhere.

The Turks have four military fronts. First there is the Dardanelles front, in the neighborhood of which are their principal forces; second, the Caucasus front, of less importance; third, the Mesopotamian army; fourth, the front of the Suez Canal, from which all troops appear to have been withdrawn. It is therefore probable that with the exception of the Caucasus and Mesopotamian armies (hardly more than 125,000 men at most), practically all the Turkish forces are at points in direct rail communication with Constantinople. Little is to be gained by an offensive against Russia in the Caucasus, particularly since that front is served by no railroad. Mesopotamia is scarcely more accessible, for the Bagdad railroad is still unfinished. Not only does a campaign against Egypt promise greater results, but at least in view of the problem of communications the project appears to be quite feasible, if difficult.

The main line of the railway from Scutari, which is opposite Constantinople on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, to the Taurus Mountains in Cilicia is reached by long branches from Angora to the east, and from Smyrna to the west. From the Taurus Mountains the railway continues through Adana, Aleppo and Damascus all the way to Mecca and Medina, skirting the Holy Land and the Sinai Peninsula. Assuming a general point of concentration at Damascus, subsidiary camps on the railway further south, and stations toward and into the Sinai Peninsula, the natural difficulties to be overcome in a general offensive appear with one exception to be less than in the campaigns of Poland.

But there are three objections which must occur to the general staff, none of which can easily be answered:

1. The railway through the Taurus Mountains northwest of Adana and in the Amarus between Adana and Aleppo, has probably not been finished. In the Taurus section (these mountains are 9,000 feet high), engineers in 1913 estimated that nearly twenty miles of tunnels and bridges would have to be constructed.

2. The question of water in the Sinai Peninsula.

3. Can the Turks be depended on for an offensive?

Except in armies of the very highest class, organized as to staff, practiced in tactics, and disciplined to the last degree, defensive operations will be far more successful than offensive operations. It is one thing to hold prepared positions, even against a superior enemy, as the British did at Ypres last year, and quite another to attack. The fact that the Turks have been fighting well on the Gallipoli Peninsula does not prove that they will fight equally well in an attack on the Suez Canal.

The Germans can certainly not spare their own troops for the invasion of Egypt; they will have to train the Turks to do it, and they will have to train them to a greater efficiency than the Turks have yet achieved. This will take some time; and I should be much surprised if any serious movement were initiated against Egypt before the spring. Of course it must not be forgotten that we are discussing what may fairly be described as a military adventure. But it must likewise not be forgotten that it is the Turks not the Germans who would be risking the lives of their soldiers, and that the object—that of bringing pressure on the only country from which Germany as yet holds no gage—would seem well worth while to German diplomats. Meanwhile there are the possibilities of a strong Turkish offensive at any moment in the very restricted area of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

GERALD MORGAN.

Arnold Schönberg's Music

WHEN Arnold Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces" were played recently by the Chicago and Boston orchestras, no one could make head or tail of them. They were found to contain hardly a single pure chord from start to finish. They have no design that anyone can fathom. They look, on the engraved page, like hen scratches. The sound of them to ordinary ears can be described only in terms of the barnyard. This music bears no discoverable relation to the harmonic system of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. It is no "radical" music. It is a new music.

Concerning it Schönberg makes this airy comment: "I simply write naturally. My music is the outcome of my personal feeling." This is one of Schönberg's numerous annotations of his own work. And such annotations, taken in the mass, clear the atmosphere immensely, strange as it may seem. "I have not been able to discover any principles of harmony," he writes in his "Harmonielehre." "Sincerity, self-expression, is all that the artist needs; he should say only what he must say, and that according to the laws only of his own nature." What sort of charlatan is this, you ask. Any bumptious amateur would say just that. It is a thing

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that could be said only by the fool or the genius. And I, for one, believe that the man who wrote the "Gurrelieder" is no fool. If I fail to understand and enjoy the "Five Orchestral Pieces" (as I do) I give Schönberg the benefit of the doubt.

If you have doubts about a man's work, refer to his biography. An artist may "fake" a symphony; he can hardly fake a whole life. He who intends to be a charlatan must take care to write no early works. But it is just Schönberg's early works which are most above cavil. You may reject the "Orchestral Pieces" or the "Six Piano Pieces," but you cannot deny the genius of the "Verklärte Nacht" sextet. What there is of the bizarre in Schönberg's music developed slowly and steadily. There is an "early Schönberg," a "middle Schönberg" and a "late Schönberg." And the middle period is one of uncertain mingling of the first and last. It took five years of constant experimentation to develop the barnyard style. A charlatan could have worked more efficiently.

By this time America has heard the greater number of Schönberg's important works. The excellent performance of the "Kammersymphonie" by the Philadelphia Orchestra and the colorful playing of the "Pelleas and Melisande" by the Philharmonic this season nearly completed the list. Unfortunately the "Gurrelieder" is one of the unperformed. The reason is not hard to find. The work demands several choirs of several hundred voices each, together with an orchestra of a hundred and forty men and such instruments as gongs, chimes and "a huge iron chain." The words, by the Danish poet Jacobsen, tell of the love of King Waldemar and Tove of Gurre—a passionate tale that has the ring of the old ballads. Tove dies and Waldemar curses God; and ever after, each midnight, he with his train goes a-hunting madly beneath the walls of Gurre, over chasms and through the air, while the chains in his maniac's cell clank their terrible retribution. The music is that of Strauss, the Strauss of "Also Sprach Zarathustra"—gigantic, regal, terrifying. The sextet, "Verklärte Nacht," composed about this time, is sensuously sentimental in the modern German style, and the songs are grandiose and dramatic. But in the symphonic poem, "Pelleas and Melisande," Schönberg overshot the mark. He attempted a detailed narration in music, and he was right to react violently against a style which overburdens music with "literature."

About this time he fell in with the Munich painter, Kandinsky, who in his maudlin book "Ueber der Geistige in der Kunst," enunciates his "law of inner necessity" with a solemn face, as a scientific principle. His influence intensified the composer's reaction against the modern sentimentalizing of the art of music, and brought him to a critical attitude toward his materials. "There are relatively few people," Schönberg wrote about this time, "who are able to understand in purely musical terms what music has to say. The notion that a musical work must awaken some sort of image, and if it does not is worthless, is as widespread as only the false and banal can be."

And then began the "middle period." In this come the "Kammersymphonie," a number of songs, and the D minor quartet, which was played a couple of seasons ago by the Flonzaley Quartet and first awakened the interest of American audiences in Schönberg's work. In these we discover an introspective concern with the musical materials, abstracted from any sentimental "meaning." The style is obviously mixed. There are passages of great sensuous beauty, like those in the Sextet, and again pages given over to the development of thematic material with a cerebral logic and strict economy that can be paralleled only in the great works of the classical period. The form, too, shows Kandinsky's influence. Just as the "fauve" painter slices up his picture and shakes together the parts, so Schönberg slices up the movements of the classical symphony or quartet and mingles and fuses the slices into one movement according to the "law of inner necessity." The structural design can be explained by no book, yet somehow it seems inevitable, as though the sonata form had developed to this stage through sheer inner compulsion.

When Schönberg passed into his third period he threw over completely the harmonic system which had been consecrated during five centuries. In the "Orchestral Pieces," the two groups of "Piano Pieces," and in certain works which have not yet been heard in this country, he writes nothing in his scales or in his chords which can be related to anything we have heard before. The "Piano Pieces" are severe and, at first hearing, undeniably ugly. The "Orchestral Pieces" are of the same stuff—relentlessly technical and musically "pure." Report says that the "Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire," which are "twenty-one songs for speaking voice and small orchestra," are like nothing else yet heard under heaven. I shall not attempt an apology for these works, with their apparently wanton aimlessness and harshness. We may ultimately decide that they weren't worth the trouble. The only thing I can be sure of is that we must hear them—hear them often and with open ears—before our judgment about them will be of any worth.

Schönberg's annotations on these works, or rather on his development among them, go far toward explaining his art. He says, for instance, that music must be understood in its own terms—which means, I take it, nothing esoteric, but merely that music

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must be heard instead of being seen. But he adds that it may be necessary to clothe your works in some visible dress, as Wagner clothed his dramatic music. So for the London performance of the "Orchestral Pieces"—as "abstract" as any music ever written—he supplied a few highly imaginative program notes, stating that the pieces "seek to express all that dwells in us subconciously like a dream," and much more of the same sort. But when he writes for the few he strikes a different note. In the "Harmonielehre," which is for the most part a conventional work thoroughly grounded, like his early music, in Bach, he offers, I think, one of the most enlightening dicta concerning music that have yet been made. "The alleged tones which are believed to be foreign to harmony do not exist. They are merely tones foreign to our accepted harmonic system. Tonality is not a hard and fast compulsion which directs the course of music, but a concept which makes it possible for us to give our ideas the requisite aspect of compactness. Beauty does not appear until all unessential detail disappears."

Notice what he has done in these few sentences. In the first two he has denied all inherent law and principle in music; he has asserted anarchy in the strict sense of the word. In the last he has set up the severest standard which classical art evolved. Then notice the third sentence. "Not a compulsion but a concept." Can you think of a neater expression of the pragmatic notion of law? No other comment by a musician about music has ever seemed to me so fundamental. It bases musical procedure not upon the eternal verities but upon the actual conventions of musical speech held in common by composers and audiences. It makes composition an act of creation, not of discovery. It makes music a part of the process of living. It makes the audience (the democracy) and the specialist (the servant of the democracy) the two poles of the magnet of art-creation.

Go back to your "later Schönberg" with this in mind. Assume him innocent until you have found him guilty. Blot from your mind, if you can, that feeling of yours for tonality which was artificially fostered in you in the first place. Look for what the composer tried to do, not for what somebody else thought he ought to have done. See if you cannot feel that rigid excision of "unessential detail" on the testimony of your ears, not of your "critical principles." If you can't, then to the rubbish heap with Schönberg and his music. But if you can, acknowledge generously that you have had that most delightful of experiences—the experience of finding yourself wrong.

HIRAM KELLEY MODERWELL.

Where Women Disagree

WOMAN suffragists are lacking in consideration. Having poured out their strength in the fall, they were repulsed in four Eastern states. Under such circumstances they should have subsided. Beaten in New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts by considerable majorities, beaten in Pennsylvania by the inertia of Philadelphia, its unpatched spiritual puncture, it was their plain obligation to stay beaten. But they decline to stay beaten. In spite of their downfall the suffragists persist. In spite of their lavish expenditures, mental and physical, they continue to draw on their resources—resources fed by a purpose so recurrent as to seem unconquerable as naturalness itself. They are neither exhausted nor discouraged. And the very leaders who most spent themselves in unfavorable campaigns now undertake, worn but tireless, the organization of national action.

The terms of that national action have just been defined by two national suffragist conventions at Washington, D. C. Outside suffrage circles those terms remain vague. Inside suffrage circles, because of the divergences of the two conventions, they are not wholly understood. But there is no real reason for confusion, and the sharper the differentiation the better.

So far as federal legislation is concerned, all the suffragists assembled in Washington met to work toward the same objective. That is the simple equal franchise amendment to the federal constitution, known to suffragists as the Susan B. Anthony amendment. Although they agree on this objective, the policies of the two organizations thereafter disagree.

The smaller organization, the Congressional Union, specializes entirely on the federal amendment. It elects to disregard the process of ratification state by state so far as immediate action is concerned. It considers federal action on the suffrage amendment the *summum bonum*, and it believes in concentrating agitation for suffrage on the party that has power at the moment. For that purpose it believes that all women should judge the government at Washington solely with respect to its attitude toward the suffrage amendment. It believes that women should work with all parties when necessary, but it believes also that in the states where women have the vote, that vote should be used solely

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for its leverage on the obdurate legislators at Washington.

The larger organization, the National Association, has a different policy. And how the Union came to diverge from the National may perhaps be gathered by glancing at the National's history.

At its inception, naturally, the National Association did not concentrate on federal legislation. Itself the result of a union between state and national workers, it sought both types of enfranchisement from the start, but because the Western states offered the line of least resistance the work in the states became paramount. It was, in fact, a necessary preliminary to work on the hill at Washington. The early suffragists were pioneers. They were voices crying in the wilderness. They had in them that obduracy of disinterested principle which nothing on earth can alter, but they were not, like Messrs. Roosevelt and Harriman, " practical men." They presented their Susan B. Anthony amendment without any reference to lobbying—possibly with a shrewd recognition of the inutility of lobbying. But to the cause they were consecrated. It was a righteousness of which they were priests and prophets. The actual fruition of the educational campaigns in the West, however, began to qualify the National's attitude. With the increase in the number of suffrage states, moreover, the prospect for federal amendment changed, and the National came to be more than a centralization for propaganda. It began to be a centralization for federal policy.

At Philadelphia in 1912 the first effort at sustained leverage on Congress was ordained. Miss Jane Addams and others brought about the appointment of a congressional committee to lobby in Washington for the federal amendment. At the head of this committee was placed a young devotee to the cause, Miss Alice Paul, who, like Miss Lucy Burns and Miss Anne Martin, had worked for suffrage with the Pankhursts in England. At Washington, in 1912-1913, Miss Paul and Miss Burns went among the legislators on the hill, and they amplified that work by forming an auxiliary of their committee, the Congressional Union. But before the convention of 1913 this offspring of 1912 developed a character by no means anticipated. The Union, in the view of the National, aimed to hold the " party in power " strictly responsible for the passage of the federal amendment. As the National had always proclaimed itself non-partisan this stigmatization of a given party as anti-suffrage was deemed unwarranted. As an appointee of the National, Miss Paul was held to account for this policy in 1913. She declined to abandon it. After much discussion a new capitol committee was nominated by the National, headed by Mrs. Medill McCormick, to conduct lobbying in Washington on non-partisan lines. The National Board then sought to deal with its deposed appointee. But Miss Alice Paul was firmly convinced that her policy at the capitol was the right one. Backed by one of the former contributors to the National, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, she decided to extend the Congressional Union as a national organization for the purpose of securing passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment. As she clung to her policy of discriminating against the party in office, the National refused to affiliate her Union.

Meanwhile the effect of Miss Paul's secession stimulated the National's federal policy. Although convinced by a large majority that it was a great mistake to antagonize any party as such, the National proceeded by means of its workers at congress to organize pressure on individual anti-suffrage congressmen from their home districts. And an attempt at political inventiveness was shown in the formulation of another suffrage amendment, the Shafroth, which aimed to circumvent the state rights objection of the Democratic party.

In 1913-1914 the Congressional Union sought to give effect to its federal policy by opposing the re-election of Democratic congressmen as such. Since it campaigned principally in the equal suffrage states, however, it found itself compelled by its logic to attack some of the ablest and strongest federal advocates of suffrage. It justified this action on the ground that no Democratic congressman had left the party caucus that condemned suffrage, while Democratic congressmen had left the party caucus because of the duty on beet sugar. Beet sugar was more important to Democrats than woman suffrage. In the eyes of Senator Thomas, who had worked night and day for suffrage at the capitol, this opposition was ridiculous, unreasoning and unjust. It was, at any rate, quite dubious in its political effect. Had the Congressional Union marshalled all enfranchised women against the Democratic party, its leaders might have inspired fear and a contrite spirit and a federal amendment. As it was, they caused immense irritation among the partisan women voters in the suffrage states. They seemed political fanatics to pro-suffrage congressmen, and they do not appear to have brought about any incontrovertible defeats. They assert that as a result of their efforts, however, the Democrats at Washington are much more amenable. They indicate that President Wilson voted for suffrage. Whether these results are the outcome of the anti-party policy is a point much in dispute.

At Nashville in 1914 the members of the National were agitated as to the rival claims of their own congressional policy and the Union's congressional policy. For a time a minority hoped that Miss Paul's views might be made to prevail, but the overwhelming majority of the delegates opposed the

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marshalling of their forces against the party in power. Not in the least deterred by this non-partisan conviction, the Union set itself out to organize national activity, and in 1915 over 150 delegates came to its convention. Of these delegates a fair proportion belong also to the National, and one of the principal objects of these members at the National convention was to deflect the National's party policy. The resignation of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw from the presidency of the National was regarded by some as favoring this possibility. But Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the new president, revealed no desire whatever to assimilate the National's policy to the Union's. A joint conference between the leaders of these groups produced no result whatever, save a perfunctory asseveration that the capitol committees might consult over their lobbying.

Whether Miss Paul and her associates will succeed in building up a duplicate suffrage organization to work in the states for federal amendment by compulsion is an open question. This, however, is to be said: the Union's activity marks the evolution of suffrage from propagandism into national politics. And the mere fact that the National Association has put its Shafroth amendment on the shelf proves that lively and bitter criticism has its positive effects.

Whatever the prospects of the Union policy, the prospects of the National policy seem healthy. The suffragists will miss the gallant personality of Dr. Shaw, now retiring after twelve years; but its new Board is of the sort to slave with endless endurance amid the rocks and weeds and wastes of the public as well as the political mind. As an organization of will as distinct from an organization of thought the National bids fair to remain persistent. With Mrs. Catt coming from the New York campaign, Mrs. Roessing and Mrs. Patterson taking office after their labors in Pennsylvania, Miss Ogden after her experience in New Jersey, the body promises to have vigor and inspiration and skill.

With the development of different and divergent methods of advancing the suffrage cause, methods which the leaders at Washington did not reconcile, the movement is now in the throes of actual political experience. The value of this experience will be incalculable. Whether you believe the National Association intolerant, outworn, over-reasonable, or the Congressional Union intransigent, premature, unreasonable, you must recognize in their conflict the very proofs of heightened political consciousness in women. And that, whatever your own choice as to method, whatever your urgent conviction that a choice should be made, is now the salient feature of the movement nationally organized.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Stephen Phillips

HE was one of that doomed generation that had in its number Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley. Stephen Phillips lived to more mature years, but the time between Johnson's death and his own must have brought him bitterer defeats than even those who died so unvictoriously could have known. Lionel Johnson died in 1902. It was then that Stephen Phillips was having every sort of literary success. Scholarly critics were naming him with Dante and Sophocles. The public were buying editions of his plays and poems and filling the theatres where his dramas were being produced. He had St. James's and His Majesty's for his playhouses. People who considered poetry spoke of him as an artist strong enough to be popular, great enough to give to action beauty and distinction. Then came an article in the *Quarterly Review* which cleared away the values on which his reputation was reared. The breaths which had been blowing so warmly upon him began to blow coldly. A year after there was no young literary aspirant poor enough to do him honor. The break-up of his vogue was hastened by the tenure of London reviewing, which is taken up by young men who pass on to something else in about five years. A new batch of reviewers had arrived, and the *parôle* amongst them was that Stephen Phillips was of no account poetically. Older men, eminent critics on important journals, remained to praise him. But what they said of him now was discredited by the extravagances of the things they had said before. William Archer's compliments on "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod"—"Sardou could not have ordered the action better, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion with words of purer loveliness"; "the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton"—were remembered by the younger men, and they smiled.

Other writers then began to have the cry—Yeats, Synge, Masefield. What Phillips wrote now received slight notice and was hardly an asset to publisher or theatre-manager. His will was broken, it seemed, and he was making himself less creative and more disreputable. Then came financial bankruptcy that seemed the correspondence of spiritual bankruptcy. Yet those who looked to him with sympathy noted that his many troubles did not bring cry or plea or lamentation from Stephen Phillips. They began to see too that he was making an effort towards reconstruction. He took up the editorship of a poetry magazine and regularly wrote good critical articles. He was beginning to be something of a force again. That the reconstruction was a real one can be seen in the volume he published in 1913, "Lyrics and Dramas."

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This volume contains some poems that are not derivative but have that "personal energy" which, as Arthur Symons showed in the *Quarterly* article, was wanting in the extravagantly praised "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa," in "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod." I find in this volume a unity of tragic mood, the mood of a man who confronts defeat with little hope and for whom the world's familiar things—the lights in the sky, the early song of birds, the beat of the sea—have become the haunting things. Defeat and loss are acknowledged, but life is not made to appear cheap and mean. There is nobility in these poems. For their maker, looking sadly on the world, sees it filled, not with deceptive and passing but with grave and permanent things. Because I know that many writing of Stephen Phillips will quote his better known, less personal verse, I take it upon myself to give in full a poem from "Dramas and Lyrics"—the poignant and individual "Dawn and Loss":

I lack thee in the noontide light,
I want thee in the deep of night,
But most when sadder than all words
I hear the voice of waking birds.

Then seem I most of all forlorn
When the grey hour is crudely born.
There is no mercy in that ray;
On hopeless fancies comes the day.

Then is the hollow world remade.
God! but the image will not fade!
That ghostly chorus from the leaves
Reminds and yet again bereaves.

The widowing beam upon me falls
And to a grey remembrance calls;
Rebuilded is the massy loss,
And re-erected is the cross.

For in that dimness we had speech,
Simple and prudent each to each;
Slow on my shoulder fell thy head;
I held thee close as skies grew red.

O, dear wert thou in silent dew,
Thrice dear in deepening of the blue;
But now I see from this dark room
Only the glimmer of a tomb.

Because they mistook a familiar design for a new manifestation of beauty the critics, big and little, wrote wrongly about his narrative poems and his poetic plays. Tennyson had trained a generation to believe that the production of certain cadences and certain images meant a poetic creation. Stephen Phillips produced the expected cadences and images almost perfectly. For that he was hailed as the successor not only of Tennyson but of all the accepted poets. He wrote plays which had the spectacle that delights the crowd and he was able to give to the personages of that spectacle lines which had all the associations of poetry. He had acted with the Bensons; he knew what was effective on the stage, and he understood how to make verse that an actor could speak. All this was journeyman's knowledge, and it was the grievous error of the critics that it appeared to them as the insight of the creator. His prime failure—his failure to create character—was not publicly perceived. In none of his plays is it anything within the people themselves that brings them into the tragic entanglement. Who makes the action in "Paolo and Francesca"? Not Francesca, not Paolo, not Giovanni. Everything seems to be brought on by the unconvincing words of a blind old woman who is said to have second sight. None of the personages in his plays ever say anything that is finally and absolutely their own. Contrast the words that Deirdre and Naisi speak in Synge's tragedy "Deirdre of the Sorrows," with what Paolo and Francesca say to each other when they are drawn tragically together:

PAOLO Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights.
FRANCESCA Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.
PAOLO Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?
FRANCESCA Or did we set a sail in Carthage Bay?
PAOLO Were thine eyes strange?
FRANCESCA Did I not know thy voice?
All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air
Then when we kissed.

Paolo and Francesca might have learnt such sentences off a drawing-room calendar.

They who wronged Stephen Phillips were the men who praised his least personal work in such extravagant terms as made it inevitable that he should be flung down by men who regarded poetry as distinctive creation. His verse-plays should have been received as equivalents to new stage-decorations, and he should have been given the proper meed of praise for them. He honored beauty as he saw it and poetry as he read it, and he wrote some poems that really come out of an individual experience:

Beautiful lie the dead;
Clear comes each feature;
Satisfied not to be,
Strangely contented.

Like ships, the anchor dropped,
Furled every sail is,
Mirrored with all their masts
In a deep water.

These verses from his volume of 1913 should stand for our present thought of him.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Uneasy America

GROWING discomfort has been manifest in America during the last few months. It has taken different forms, but the net effect of it has been to center a great amount of criticism on the President. If all the complaints were drawn up in a list we should find that pacifists, militarists, radicals, conservatives, friends of the Allies, German-Americans, "aggressive Americans," nationalists and internationalists were all in varying ways disgruntled. They disagree violently among themselves, to be sure, but they are curiously agreed in not liking the part played by America in the war. The sense that we have been found wanting has impressed itself among an increasing number of people. More feel it, I imagine, than are ready to confess it. Many feel it who resent bitterly the self-abasement of those who go to Europe to proclaim the sordid cowardice of Americans at home. Many feel it who detest the snobbery of those Americans who entertain foreign visitors by telling them what a miserable people we are. Yet stripped of its flunkeyism, its colonialism, its piety for the fatherland and its party politics, the feeling persists that we cannot think with any pride of the part we have played in the supreme event of our lives. We wonder a little whether we are like the Roman gentleman who seemed to remember vaguely that an agitator had been crucified in Judea.

This inner dissatisfaction is perhaps the most important political fact of our time, and it may have extraordinary consequences. The spiritual uncertainty in America has its outward sign in a tendency to be forcible-feeble, weak and sharp, forbearing and curt, in a series of violent oscillations. We move in jolts and jerks, now rattling the sabre, now turning the other cheek. And because we are unsteady and distracted, we are liable to panic at one moment and insensibility the next. We are roused by Belgium and forget it, we are roused by the Lusitania and forget it, are roused and forget again, a little like a man reeling down an alley, hitting one wall and then the other.

An explanation of it is to be had, I think, which is at least plausible. We have lived for seventeen months the spectators of events that have no parallel in our lives. At first we were stirred as never before, and in the onset of war there was an unprecedented amount of feeling that reached out beyond our daily work. But this feeling has spent itself on nothing. We have had nothing to exercise our emotions upon, and we are choked by feelings unexpressed and movements arrested in mid-air. Nothing is so bad for the soul as feeling that it is dispensed on nothing. We recognize this well enough in the esthete who takes in impressions and gives forth estheticism, in the schoolgirl who weeps over impossible romances, in the old gentleman afflicted with chronic moral indignation. To feel and feel and feel and never to use that feeling is to grow distracted and worrisome, and to no end. We Americans have been witnessing supreme drama, clenching our fists, talking, yet unable to fasten any reaction to realities. Ferment without issue, gestation without birth, is making us sullen and self-conscious and ashamed.

This brooding impotence drains off and wastes the emotion which is needed for thought. Nothing is left to save us from the relaxation in which we retreat to our oldest habits. A great purpose is said to "lift men above themselves," which means that the rush of it sweeps tribal loyalty and suspicion and petty preoccupation before it like a great wind through a dusty attic. When the *élan* is lacking we settle back into our meanest habits, and cover our sense of futility by huddling into them deeper.

The apologists tell us that the contradictory nature of the attack on the President's leadership is a sign that he has taken the middle course of reason. They are, I think, mistaken. The clashing dissatisfactions are the result of no leadership at all, a sign of the disintegration which follows from the withdrawal of a positive ideal. When an army mutinies, different groups go off on their own, but nobody calls it the result of "reasonable" generalship. When a political party breaks up into its group-interests the meaning is that the party has lost a strong central ideal. When a nation becomes petty and quarrelsome it is because no one has succeeded in holding its attention to a national purpose.

The source of our trouble may be traced directly to the President's first message to the American people, when we were asked to be neutral in feeling. We were not told to feel about anything positive, we were merely told not to feel too deeply. That negative injunction was bound to fail, and the vacillation of America has ever since grown more serious. What President Wilson seems not to understand is that the enunciation of a great purpose which enlists emotion is the only way to avoid that clashing of emotions from which we suffer. When there are a number of conflicting views the reasonable course does not consist in being negative to them all, it consists in raising a view which gathers

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them up—into which, as the Germans say, the varied feelings are "*aufgehoben.*" But from the outbreak of the war the President has never said anything to which the nation might rally. He has been pushed and goaded. He has never led. And if he is beset by agitations he has himself to thank. The man who will not lead is driven.

Whether it was humanly possible for Mr. Wilson to give our neutrality a positive meaning, whether he could have laid out a program to which the nation would have responded we cannot know. It was an unexpected crisis and he was caught unprepared. Perhaps it is too much to expect anything more than he has done. Perhaps only a great genius among statesmen could have risen to the opportunity. But for lack of that genius America to-day is distraught.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

A COMMUNICATION

To an End with Prussia

SIR: I have received for some time past and read with great interest THE NEW REPUBLIC, and I think it is only right in view of the opinions expressed in it by subjects of belligerent governments, or with regard to the subjects of belligerent governments, to enter a certain protest.

Mr. Hobson, for instance—who deserves our respect in this country, and fully has it as a most conscientious and able student of economics—has put a certain view before the readers of your paper with regard to the mind of the English upon the present war. A lady of the name of Doty has suggested something similar with regard to the mind of the French, the wounded of which nation she has observed in the hospitals.

In common with other of your readers in this country I have regretted to see the point of view put before you by such writers, the subjects of belligerent countries or writing with regard to the subjects of belligerent countries; they give a quite false view of public opinion. By this phrase I do not mean that these writers fail to express their own conviction, but I do mean that they are utterly wrong in their guesses at the general mind of the public either in England or in France.

I think I have, from my experience, my birth, my traditions and my acquaintance, some right to speak upon opinion in both countries. The opinion, the general or public opinion, of the English differs of course very widely from that of the French in this matter, for the two nations differ in religion (the root of all differences) and in experience. But what the public opinion of both countries has in common is these two points:

First, the determination to reduce the enemy to impotence; secondly, a conviction that short of this, no matter what their achievement, their action against Prussia will have failed.

The expression "the determination to reduce the enemy to impotence" will sound to many academic people at once harsh and illusionary. Its harshness I will not debate. That depends upon one's judgment of Prussia. But the conception of reducing an enemy to impotence only seems illusionary to academic people because they are not academic enough. Anyone with a sound grasp of history knows that if you win a war the issues of which are fundamental, your enemy after that war can, and in history usually does, decline either for centuries or to extinction. He may remain as a political organism. But his particular power to do you that hurt which provoked you to arms you may very well eliminate for centuries or forever. If it be further contended that there are no wars of this fundamental character, that even this war has not this fundamental character, all history is there again to disprove such a thesis.

Nearly all great wars have risen upon questions which the victor thought vital, and in nearly all of them the victor has achieved his end. To take a brief list of a few such issues at random: The question of national unity in your own country a lifetime ago; the quarrel between Rome and Carthage: the quarrel between the Protestants of north Germany and Holland and the Catholic empire: the quarrel between the Revolution and the old régime: the quarrel between mediaeval civilization and the Mohammedan invasion of the West—I might extend the list indefinitely.

The victory of the North resulted in the maintenance of your national unity. Carthage disappeared and Rome supplanted her. The Protestants of north Germany and Holland under the protection of the French beat off the Catholic empire with results which have increasingly gone in their favor until quite recently in the history of Europe—in other words, with results that lived and even grew in power for three hundred years. The Revolution destroyed the old régime in Europe. Mediaeval civilization turned the Mohammedan out of the West and he will not return.

Now the thing for the great neutrals, of whom the chief is the United States, to get clearly into their minds is that this present quarrel in Europe is of that type. If the Prussian tradition now controlling the fighting men of from 140 to 150 millions of human beings is allowed to survive, the old and rooted civilization of Europe is doomed. All of us in the older nations feel this instinctively in our blood, and many of us can give a reason for that instinct and are whole-heartedly supported by our fellow citizens when we formulate that reason in the terms of history and of Christian morals. It is open to a neutral to dispute our position. It is open to him to say that we cannot make it good in the field. But it is folly for any neutral to accept the view that we have some other less historical, vaguer or less certain position.

What one of your correspondents says, that the French soldiers in the hospitals desire the war to come to an end without a complete victory, is simply false. You might just as well say that the United States were Catholic in religion or Greek in speech. What another of your correspondents says, that the mind of the English is turning in favor of an inconclusive peace, or that this term means

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nothing to them and that they are in favor anyhow of allowing Prussia to survive, is as false as if you were to say that the United States were a small mountain republic in the Balkans. Both statements are utterly divorced from reality. And I think it is the duty of one who has some experience of what real opinion is upon this side in the present stage of the war, to emphasize the gulf that separates such statements from the truth.

Let me repeat that it is open to any neutral not only to doubt our moral right, but to doubt the possibility of our success. What would be fatal for the future understanding of Europe by instructed opinion in your country would be to doubt that we upon this side are occupied in a task not of mere wrestling, but of execution.

If the matter were not very urgent and very practical I would not occupy your space with this letter. But it is most urgent and most practical. It is urgent because at any moment the breaking down of the enemy's far too widely extended front may bring American opinion rapidly face to face with the temper of the Allies as the only force they will have to reckon with in Europe. And it is practical because a misunderstanding on the part of educated opinion often runs through a whole nation. I should think it of little purpose to write such a letter as this to the press, that is read by millions, because that press publishes nothing but silly fairy tales about the war, or reproduces the opinion of men over here (professional politicians and others) whose ideas are ephemeral and carry no weight. But a misstatement of fact in an organ soberly read by the instructed few is a much more serious matter. It may go very deep indeed, and it is in order to correct such misstatements that I have written this letter.

H. Belloc.

Shipley, Horsham, England.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Behalf of Albania

SIR: The plight of one race of innocent sufferers from the war has been almost overlooked—the brave Albanians. A few words ought to be said about them, because the fate of Albania will have a bearing on the future of Europe and on the question of future war or peace far out of proportion to the numbers of the Albanians.

Several months before her entrance into the war Italy seized the Albanian port of Valona; while at nominal peace with all the world Greece occupied the port of Kortsche, while Montenegro and Serbia made several raids into northern Albania which had no plea of military necessity. The soldiers of all these races seized provisions and so interfered with agriculture that people are starving. Unfortunately, although there are forty thousand Albanians in this country, they are widely scattered and have no means of attracting attention to their unhappy homeland. Consequently America has not been aware of the Albanian situation, and only one relief-ship, a sailing-vessel, has been sent there. For a long while this was held up on its errand of mercy at a most critical time, by the refusal of the Italian government to allow it a passport through the illegal blockade which it is maintaining on the ports of Albania.

Unless the American government induces the Italians to remove their illegal blockade, there does not seem any possibility of helping the Albanians while war is raging all around them.

Now, however, is the time for getting the story of the Albanians before the public, in order that when the new map of Europe is made, Albania will have justice. The Albanians are the oldest people of the Balkans, and have been in possession of their mountains from time immemorial. They claim descent from the ancient Pelasgians and their language gives a clue to the names of Homer's gods and heroes. No other races have any valid claim to the territory occupied by the Albanians, and if any other race should try to enter into possession of their ancestral soil, the Albanians in their almost impregnable mountains would wage a costly guerilla warfare which could only be ended by their extinction. Although this is a very small part of the human race, the civilized world ought not to allow it to perish, because civilization is already indebted to it, and will be again when the splendid powers of the Albanians are allowed development. Under Scanderbeg, this warlike people saved Europe from the Turk, and it has produced King Pyrrhus of Epirus, Alexander the Great, Saint Jerome, Constantine, Pope Clement XI, and the Italian, Crispi.

Apart from the question of justice is that of political expediency. Albania is in such a strategic position that it is coveted by all the neighboring races, but since none have any valid claim, if it were given to any one country or divided in any possible way, the result would be another war in the Balkans which might again embroil all Europe.

For this reason the Friends of Albanian Independence has been formed, an organization which has two objects: to get as much publicity as possible for the cause of Albania, and to get as many people as possible to sign the pledge-cards as a token of interest and sympathy in the Albanian cause. The pledge-cards contain the following statement: "Current history shows that there can be no permanent peace in Europe until the Balkans are tranquil. A free and independent Albania is necessary as a buffer state between rival powers, if there is to be peace in the Balkans. Therefore, I believe that when the new map of Europe is made after the war, the London Conference of 1913 should be respected and the territory of Albania confided to its lawful owners who have possessed it from time immemorial; and I hereby enroll myself among the Friends of Albanian Independence."

The prominent endorsers of the Friends of Albanian Independence include Miss Jane Addams, Prof. Emily G. Balch, Mr. George W. Coleman, Mr. Edward W. Deming, Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, Mr. Hamilton Holt, Mrs. Haviland Lund, of the Forward-to-the-Land League, Miss Mary White Ovington, Prof. Herschel Parker, Prof. Edward A. Steiner, Prof. Radislav A. Tsanoff, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Mr. George Fred Williams and Dr. Evangeline Young of the Boston School of Eugenics.

The pledge cards can be obtained from 97 Compton Street, Boston, Mass., the headquarters of the Vatra or Pan-Albanian League of America. If anyone desires to give financial assistance to this movement, contributions should be sent to any of the organizers, Father Fan Noli of 97 Compton Street, Boston, Mass.; Christo A. Dako of 18 North Street, Southbridge, Mass., or the undersigned at Elbowoods, North Dakota.

Joseph F. Gould.

Elbowoods, North Dakota.

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An Englishman on "Pro-Germanism"

SIR: Your own comment on Professor Perry's interesting criticism of THE NEW REPUBLIC seems so complete in its refutation of his case as hardly to require any additional annotation. But as an Englishman, at least as convinced as Professor Perry of the moral rightness of the Allied cause, perhaps my personal comment on his position may not be entirely beside the point.

It is surely clear that to believe in the rightness of a cause does not imply release from thought of the consequences to which a victory (or defeat) of that rightness may give rise. The whole point of THE NEW REPUBLIC'S attitude—at least so far as I have ventured to interpret it—is to urge that it is now futile to discuss the origins of the war. On that point the judge has summed up and the jury has delivered its verdict. The real issue is the sentence; and as the whole future of the world is bound up in that issue it is immensely important to get such intelligence as we have concentrated on achieving such a settlement as will not result in any of the combatants having that feeling of "baulked disposition" of which Mr. Graham Wallas has emphasized the disastrous consequences. If to advocate this is to be pro-German one most sincerely hopes that Mr. Asquith is pro-German to the last degree.

Professor Perry writes in the conviction that it is necessary to hang any dog with a deservedly bad name. THE NEW REPUBLIC urges that measures should be taken to reform it, and has been very usefully suggesting ways and means. The latter method seems immensely less wasteful.

I do not know how far Professor Perry keeps in touch with English opinion, but I am certain that he will find in the *Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*—by far the ablest representatives of what is best in English thought—an attitude essentially similar to that of THE NEW REPUBLIC. It surely is a little childish to be angry when it is possible to be constructive. Professor Perry, I take it, wants, with the rest of us, a definite peace and release from the care of *Weltpolitik*. But he will never assist in its obtainment so long as he does his thinking about its terms in an angry mood. That is not the way settlements have been made.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

McGill University, Montreal.

Casualties in the European War

SIR: Part of an article on this subject by Mr. Gerald Morgan which you published recently has been reproduced in the English press.

May I, as one who has given considerable attention to the question of the combatants' relative losses, suggest that Mr. Morgan is not quite correct in his statement that, proportionately, Russia and France are losing at much the same rate as Germany? When he says that Austria is doing so he is, if anything, under the mark, because a bigger percentage of the Austrian than of the German losses consist of prisoners who are—save for the exceedingly unlikely event of their being liberated by their own armies—permanent losses, as a good number of wounded are not.

In proportion to the relative size of the two armies, the French losses should be four-sevenths, say 57 per cent of the German losses. Now, I calculate the gross German losses for the first sixteen months of the war at 4,750,000 and the gross French losses at 2,000,000, or, say, 42 per cent of the German losses. Were one to take net losses, the comparison would be slightly more favorable still to the French, as the proportion of their wounded who make a rapid recovery is a trifle higher than in the case of the Germans.

With regard to Russia, Mr. Morgan is perhaps right if he refers only to the armies that have been put into the field, but that is an altogether erroneous way of considering the question, because it overlooks the fact that Russia's reserves are several times larger than those of Germany. It may indeed be doubted whether the latter, including those who are barely physically fit, exceed one million, a number which will only last them five months. Unless some other reserves are called up before they are ready, it is questionable whether it is not a matter of weeks rather than months before the Germans will find a diminution in their numbers actually facing the foe.

With regard to British losses and resources, it should be borne in mind that the figure of 500,000 for the former includes casualties to the Indian and Colonial troops, while the figure given by Mr. Walter Long, a member of the Cabinet, of 3,000,000, as the total of the British army, does not include Indian and Colonial troops. One should add at least 750,000 to it for men from parts of the Empire outside the United Kingdom.

Mr. Morgan need not trouble himself about what British troops will do in 1917. A study of the German and Austrian casualty lists shows, after the necessary emendation has been made, that by Christmas, 1916, the German and Austrian armies, as such, will have ceased to exist.

FREDERICK G. JACKSON.

Leeds, England.

Favors Negro Segregation

SIR: I have read the views of the late Booker T. Washington on "Segregation Laws," published in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, with a great deal of interest. It is a subject which should be discussed freely, because the negro race has certainly made great strides within the last decade, and their progress has now assumed such proportions that there must be some kind of an intelligent understanding of the negro and his needs by white people to prevent prejudices and barriers arising which will militate against the negro's realizing his higher hopes.

I must take exception, though, to some of the views as set forth by the late Mr. Washington. He says: "Personally I have little faith in the doctrine that it is necessary to segregate the whites from the blacks to prevent race mixture." Let any fair-minded citizen take a trip to the sections of New York inhabited by negroes, and after making a close study of the question, he will soon be convinced that segregation is by long odds the proper thing. Negroes who have the welfare and the progress of their race at heart know that their people wish to be left alone to work out their future growth in their own way. They do not wish to have white people intrude upon them any more than the whites wish to have the negroes invade their places.

The intelligent negro knows now that he and his race have a future, and if he is true to himself and his people he will resent any outside interference.

In the eyes of God all men are equal, but students of sociology know that there is a barrier which must forever exist between the whites and blacks, and which no time can remove. Certain laws in nature are as immutable as the seeds of time, and they cannot be changed. Silver is not gold, and while both metals can be made into beautiful creations, they must forever remain dissimilar. So is it with the white and the black races. Both have their shining

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lights, their great and their good men. Both have their yearning hopes, their dreams for higher and better things; but they are different, and if the future generations of both races are to be preserved to move along to their higher development there must not be any race mixture. Segregation is to my mind the best way to preserve the environments of both races. And I do not infer by this that the negro is to be made to live in dirty or unwholesome surroundings, but I do mean that he should inhabit certain sections of the cities where he can be given free scope. This can be done without enacting laws making it compulsory.

In the upper section of this city there is a colony of colored people which has grown within the past twelve years from 100 inhabitants to nearly 100,000. The negroes there are left pretty much to themselves, and it is amazing the progress they have made. They have their own enterprises in business, and they are only concerned with their own affairs. As long as the white people do not annoy them there is peace and harmony. Their one wish is to be left alone. When the negroes began settling there in that section of the city, the white residents resented it, and tried to stop the influx, but greedy property-owners kept on selling leases and property to the negroes, so that now it is purely a negro colony, and one of the largest in any of the northern cities. How much better it is that they should be there in the one locality than scattered all over the city.

JOHN JAY LINDLEY.

New York City.

What the Investor May Do

SIR: Is not the answer to Nicotinus, whose letter appeared in your issue of December 11th under the heading "A Stockholder's Dilemma," that he ought not to be a stockholder? There are any number of other investments in which a man may put his surplus capital besides becoming one of the owners of a business being conducted by a corporation. Individual responsibility for wrongs and injustices can only be carried to a certain point. Beyond that it becomes sentimentalism. A super-conscientious individual might refuse to take out life insurance because some of his premiums might be used to purchase the securities of corporations in the business of which one branch might be conducted in such a manner as to work injustice to employees. It would seem to me that this is carrying individual responsibility to an absurd length.

Why should it not be possible for the conscientious Nicotinus to accept the facts as they are and to make his investments accordingly? When he buys stock of a corporation, whether it is on the advice of his trusted bankers or on the strength of his own judgment of values, he is in fact becoming a partner in the business of that corporation. The voice which he can have in the management of the corporation's business depends in part on the size of his investment as compared with the amount of stock outstanding, and in part upon his willingness to put himself to trouble.

If Nicotinus desires to lend his money, not to take a share in the responsibilities and profits of ownership, he can buy bonds, real estate, mortgages and the like which his bankers will recommend to him. A bondholder of a corporation as an individual is simply in the position of a creditor. If the corporation to which he has lent money is notoriously unfair to labor, he can sell his bonds and make some other investment, just as a conscientious believer in total abstinence might refuse to lend money to a distilleries company; but surely the creditor's personal responsibility extends only to the obvious.

I have recently heard it argued that since all of the capital which goes into a railroad property becomes fixed capital without the possibility of change in use, it might be sounder to recognize this fact by raising all this capital through the issue of bonds. This seems to me an entirely fallacious argument, but the investor who makes no distinction between railroad bonds and railroad stock in fact permits the working out of just such an arrangement.

THE NEW REPUBLIC—if I have succeeded in correctly interpreting its broad and many-sided viewpoint—believes in a development of society which will place on the individual more and more responsibility to the community. Under this theory the citizen who neglected to exercise his right to vote would be failing to do his duty as a member of the community. Is not this equally true of the man who voluntarily becomes a partner in a corporation business and then refuses to accept the responsibilities which a right to a voice in the management of the corporation gives to him?

W. E. HOOPER.

New York City.

For Undefined Preparedness

SIR: While it is to be hoped that the people of this country will come speedily to pay more attention to questions of foreign policy than they have in the past, it seems to me that you over-rate the necessity and the practicability of their "defining" our foreign policy as a step in passing upon the question of preparedness. One element of our foreign policy, and that the essential one for this question, may be taken as determined already: the undesirability of a foreign invasion. All that the "preparedness" movement signifies is, that the present war has awakened us to certain perils of our situation of which we had previously been careless or forgetful. Now, however, that we are awake to them, we mean so far as possible to insure ourselves against them.

Indeed, it seems to me that it is the exact obverse of your position which is the true one. For until we are reasonably assured against the horrors of foreign invasion, we are not in a position of moral freedom from which to define our foreign policy. Till then we shall not be free agents, any more than China is.

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

Princeton, N. J.

"Open Letter" an Appeal to Sentimentality?

SIR: The contribution of Mr. John Lincoln in your issue of December 11th is an extremely interesting study. It is well to remind the public that the most acute sufferers from social maladjustment are not always the very poor. There are doubtless a vast number of individuals with fine sensibilities and intellectual equipments above the average who are deprived of gratifications, sometimes of necessities, to which a normal human being may honestly lay claim. To perceive clearly the materials out of which a lasting happiness may be built and to find them forever outside one's grasp is like death by slow torture. In such straits one must hew his way through the forest of pious myths and hampering conventions that hems him in on every side. For this reason I am sorry that Mr. Lincoln, presenting his altogether just grievance, has sought to appeal to a sentimental though obviously social morality—a morality which is at the same time a most effective weapon and the cleverest of disguises for those who desire the perpetuation of present economic arrangements.

DONALD LEIDIGH.

Columbus, O.

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After the Play

I

IT is possible to imagine a play in which each of the characters spoke the author's mind, a play by Bernard Shaw, for example, where the dramatis personae—Bluntschli, Valentine, Julius Caesar, Andrew Undershaft, John Tanner, and so on—said nothing Shaw did not agree with.

Actually Shaw never gives us a play of this kind. He gives us instead plays in which some of the characters speak for his point of view and others against it. As a contest between points of view, as a criticism of that part of life which is a point of view, the result is often immensely stimulating. As a representation of life it is rather like what a portrait gallery would be if every sitter were painted so that you could tell which side he took in the main controversy of his epoch.

In January, 1882, a few weeks after the publication of "Ghosts," Ibsen wrote a letter—I quote the translation made by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison—about its adverse critics: "They endeavor to make me responsible for the opinions which certain of the personages of my drama express. And yet there is not in the whole book a single opinion, a single utterance, which can be laid to the account of the author. I took great care to avoid this. The method, the technique of the construction in itself entirely precludes the author's appearing in the speeches. My intention was to produce the impression in the mind of the reader that he was witnessing something real. Now, nothing would more effectually prevent such an impression than the insertion of the author's private opinions in the dialogue. Do they imagine at home that I have not enough of the dramatic instinct to be aware of this?"

Since we all know that no writer is a good judge of anything he has just written, we needn't be surprised at Ibsen's exaggeration. But although many of Mrs. Alving's opinions are Ibsen's private opinions, it is true that we do not feel this identity while reading or seeing the play, and also true that the whole play has a meaning which none of the characters ever puts into words.

What Ibsen mistook for a description of the method he followed in "Ghosts" is an exact description of Hauptmann's method in "The Weavers." There is not in the play "a single opinion, a single utterance, which can be laid to the account of the author." And much more than this is true. "The Weavers" is not a play of opinions. It is a play of misery and pity. Although Hauptmann represents the pity which some of his weavers feel for themselves his pity for them is immeasurably larger and deeper.

II

It is hard to tell which one admires more in "The Weavers," the greatness of Hauptmann as an artist or his greatness of soul.

We know that he listened when a boy to stories of his grandfather's life as weaver in Silesia. This much we learn from the dedication of the play to his father, who told him these stories. Of course we can never know how the creative imagination worked in secret and partly in unconsciousness upon these old stories, until the result was a play which gives us pictures of brutality and grimness without becoming itself either brutal or grim, in which pity is something stronger than wistfulness without becoming either indignation or despair, in which the pity is all the greater because the beauty is so great. In no play has the creative artist so hidden the moments at which he made his decisions. In no play has he looked at man with more pitying eyes.

III

How unreasonable they were seventy years ago, these Silesian weavers, of whom Gerhart Hauptmann's grandfather was one! They know that the sentence passed upon them the moment they were born, as upon every son of Adam, was of death, yet they ask for just bread enough to keep them out of death's inevitable hands for a few years yet, or failing that for a few days. Cannot they remember that if they die now they will be dead for ever, and their long days of labor running into nights of labor will be over, and no employer will grow rich any more because they weave and starve? No, they cannot remember. They do not know. To them there is one thing more bitter than the starvation that does not quite kill—the starvation that kills. All the worst-paid work of the world in all ages, in Silesia seventy years ago, and here and to-day, has been made possible by just this preference for merely keeping alive!

"In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was prophesied and said, 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.' The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness; that was the ultimatum of degraded god-punished man." So, in "Past and Present," wrote Carlyle, who wrote also: "Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen; best loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees."

The degradation and wretchedness of the Silesian weavers stops just short of this ultimate Ugolino-horror. Not very far short. Although protests are cried here and there by one man or one woman against the shape which injustice has taken for the moment, life has always been too near starvation for united protest. But there comes a change. Starvation may draw so near that even the nearly starved will revolt. The arrival of one man more, who has left their world and returned to it with a torch, adds the missing something, and the fire starts, the rising of the weavers is on. In no other play in the world do particular miseries grow with a growth so like nature's into a common blind will. We see before our eyes that strangely moving likeness between the force of a crowd and force in inanimate nature.

IV

In the making of this lifelike and unliteral play two wishes were fulfilled: the wish to make us feel what Hauptmann felt when he listened to his father's stories, and the wish to do this without letting the first wish seem anywhere to dictate. "The Weavers" is so profoundly and imaginatively composed that the only principle of arrangement one can divine in it is the author's will to deepen our feeling act by act. Whether he has his will, at any particular performance, depends largely upon the stage director's management of crowds. At the Garden Theatre this crowd management is competent without being at all wonderful. The acting is competent without being wonderful, except in Mr. Reicher's own case.

Suppose you were looking at a figure picture, by a sound uninspired painter, and suddenly found one single figure an unmistakable Rembrandt. How would you feel? Much as I felt while watching Mr. Reicher. Such acting is not ability or knowledge or a capacity for taking infinite pains. It is genius. What imagination in the way he follows the crowd off the stage at the end of the third act. If Mr. Reicher had played the part of Hilse, the submissive Christian weaver, Hilse would have taken our imaginations captive and falsified all the values of the play. That is why Mr. Reicher gave himself a less important part.

Q. K.

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The Poet at the Movies

The Art of the Moving Picture, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

THIS is a joyous and wonderful performance. It is not a rhapsody or diatribe about the moving picture. It is not an autobiographical chronicle. It is an argument founded on plain facts and happy interpretations, rising to mysticism, a meeting place of the people capped in cloud. Only a corn-fed poet could have written it. It talks in terms of Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall. It places John Bunny and Sidney Drew. It introduces Cabiria, The Birth of a Nation, Who's Who in Hogg Wallow, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Your Girl and Mine, Judith of Bethulia. It is steeped in the present and the actual. But Vachel Lindsay has undertaken the fundamental brainwork necessary to an understanding of the moving picture art. He has done his heroic best to bring order out of aesthetic muddle and bewilderment. He has articulated a theory of beauty on the basis of the photoplay as we know it. Whether the theory stands or falls eventually, it is a bold and brilliant theory, really bold and really brilliant, and takes first place as an interpretation of the greatest popular aesthetic phenomenon in the world.

Mr. Lindsay is no worshipper of popular mechanics, no apostle of "a tin heaven and a tin earth." He is no demagogue. ("Our democratic dream has been a middle-class aspiration built on a bog of toil-soddened minds. The piles beneath the castle of our near-democratic arts were rotting for lack of folk-imagination.") Nor is he the kind of man who is dazzled by the plunderous profits and potentialities of photoplays. He respects the enterprise without adoring the exploitation. He respects the *vulgus* without adoring the vulgarity. He respects the mechanism without adoring the machine. He does not see "the redeemed United States running deftly in its jewelled sockets, ticking like a watch." He assents to America as it is, "the steam-engine, the skyscraper, the steam-heat, the flying machine, the elevated railroad, the apartment house, the newspaper, the breakfast food, the weapons of the army, the weapons of the navy." But his assent carries with it no subjection. "It is only in the hands of the prophetic photoplaywright and allied artists that the kinetoscope reels become as mysterious and dazzling to the thinking spirit as the wheels of Ezekiel in the first chapter of his prophecy. One can climb into the operator's box and watch the sword-like stream of light till he is as dazzled in flesh and spirit as the moth that burns its wings in the lamp. But this is while a glittering vision and not a mere invention is being thrown upon the screen."

But it is unfair to Mr. Lindsay to suggest his glittering vision at first. He himself does not come to it until he has written out with the extremest simplicity and clarity his own conception of the moving picture art, its classification and the basis for its criticism.

The art exhibition, plus action—that is his underlying conception. "Whatever the seeming emphasis on dramatic excitement, the tendency of the best motion pictures is to evolve quite a different thing; the mood of the standard art gallery." There are three kinds of pictures—action pictures, intimate pictures, splendor pictures. "Action pictures are sculpture-in-motion, intimate pictures are paintings-in-motion, splendor pictures are architecture-in-motion." A deaf and dumb art, its limit is the limit of the picture. "But the limit of pictorial beauty cannot be reached."

The action film is based, according to Mr. Lindsay, on the out-of-door chase. It gratifies incipient or rampant speed-mania. Its principal resource is inventiveness. It is falsely advertised as having heart-interest. "In the action picture there is no adequate means for the development of any full-grown personal passion." It provokes "the ingenuity of the audience, not their passionate sympathy." It is "impersonal and unsympathetic." But its "endless combinations of masses and flowing surfaces" appeal to the sculptor. It can represent bronze elasticity, wave-beaten granite, living ebony and silver, the majesty of dancing, galloping or fighting figures. It is this artistic element that the producer has "allowed to go wild."

The intimate film, his next classification, "has its photographic basis in the fact that any photoplay interior has a very small ground plan, and the cosiest of enclosing walls." "It is generally keyed to the hearth-stone and keeps quite close to it." Intimate and friendly, the effect of this film should be delicate. And "it must first be good picture, then good motion." The pictures should "take on motion without losing their charm of low relief, or their serene composition." It should be possible to say: "This photoplay was painted by a pupil of Gilbert Stuart." Enoch Arden, as Mr. Lindsay sees it, is the most successful drama of this kind. "Melodramatic interruptions or awful smashes" add nothing to such dramas. And it is the pictorial charm, the "fine and spiritual thing that Botticelli painted in the faces of his muses and heavenly creatures," which accounts for the popular love of Mary Pickford.

To photoplays of splendor, architecture-in-motion, Mr. Lindsay gives his greatest attention. The fairy splendor of non-human objects "is fundamental in the destinies of the art." It is to be found in "furniture, trappings, and inventions in motion." People become tired of mere contraptions. But they never grow weary of imagination. Crowd splendor, patriotic splendor, religious splendor, further entice him. "While the motion picture is shallow in showing private passion, it is powerful in conveying the passion of masses of men." He illustrates from the Battle, an old Griffith biograph. He analyzes the spectacular symbolism of Cabiria. He conceives a motion picture akin to By Blue Ontario's Shore. He imagines a photoplay of Pericles, of Jeanne d' Arc, and of his own Springfield in symbolism.

Assuming with Mr. Lindsay that "the keywords of the stage are passion and character; of the photoplay, splendor and speed," and accepting the wide suggestiveness of his classifications, the question remains whether he has been sound, in the first place, to minimize pantomime, and wise in the second to force so strongly the parallelism of the photoplay to sculpture, painting and archecture. In his chapter on hieroglyphics he certainly indicates his appreciation of pictures as a means of conveying ideas. But he does not dwell sufficiently anywhere on the possibilities of pantomime, and he strains his theory of photoplays as primarily plastic art. His terminology, moreover, is open to criticism. The word action is not in the same plane as the word splendor. And a word less loose than action could be found. But these objections are not meant to be inhospitable. No one could be inhospitable to a book so vigorous and creative and fertile. It goes, to my mind, to the root of the matter. It reveals vividly where the limitations and the opportunities of the moving pictures lie. There is nothing fanciful about it. There is nothing chimerical. It states and argues its position, and opens up the hope for beauty in a form of expression that has been enormously misunderstood.

In reporting this book it is impossible to preserve its savor. It is equally impossible to indicate its pregnant opinion on

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the many distinctions between plays and photoplays, between photoplays and motion pictures, on the censorship, the orchestra and conversation, on the plebiscite and criticism. The book itself must be read by all who are aware that "the photoplay cuts deeper into some stratifications of society than the newspaper or the book have ever gone," and who believe that "the destiny of America from many aspects may be bound up in what the prophet-wizards among her photoplaywrights and producers mark out for her." The mystic ecstasy of this belief will not be general. There will be many, even, to halt superciliously at the very conjunction of the moving picture and art. But Mr. Lindsay need not care. He has initiated photoplay criticism. That is a big thing to have done, and he has done it, to use his own style, with Action, Intimacy and Friendliness, and Splendor.

F. H.

As a Realist Sees It

Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

SOMETIMES in retrospect of a great book the mind falters, confused by the multitude and yet the harmony of the detail, the strangeness of the frettings, the brooding, musing intelligence that has foreseen, loved, created, elaborated, perfected, until, in this middle ground which we call life, somewhere between nothing and nothing, hangs the perfect thing which we love and cannot understand, but which we are compelled to confess a work of art. It is at once something and nothing, a dream, a happy memory, a song, a benediction. In viewing it one finds nothing to criticise or to regret. The thing sings, it has color. It has rapture. You wonder at the loving, patient care which has evolved it.

Only recently I finished reading Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." It was with some such feeling as this that I laid it down. In recent years, and quite definitely, we have been getting on in a literary way. Despite our complaints as to the intolerance of a philistine age, many interesting things are being done. In England particularly in the last few years (though France has produced "Jean Christophe") we have had George Moore, all of him; "The New Machiavelli" of Wells, "Fortitude" by Hugh Walpole, "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett, "Sinister Street" by Compton Mackenzie, "The New Grub Street" by Gissing, "Joseph Stahl" by J. D. Beresford, and also such minor volumes as "The Rat Pit" by Patrick MacGill, and "Mushroom Town" by Oliver Onions. (What a name!)

In America, on the other hand, we have lagged. There have been "Predestined" by Stephen French Whitman, "Quicksand" by Hervey White, "The Story of Eva" by Will Payne, "The Turn of the Balance" by Brand Whitlock, "With the Procession" by H. B. Fuller, and "McTeague" by Frank Norris, but all of these, transcendent as are their narrative merits, are lacking somehow in that vast undercurrent of which these newer and more forceful writers seem cognizant.

Here is a novel or biography or autobiography or social transcript of the utmost importance. To begin with it is unmoral, as a novel of this kind must necessarily be. The hero is born with a club foot, and in consequence, and because of a temperament delicately attuned to the miseries of life, suffers all the pains, recessions, and involute self tortures which only those who have striven handicapped by what they have considered a blighting defect can understand. He is a youth, therefore, with an intense craving for sympathy and understanding. He must have it. The thought of his lack and the part which his disability plays in it soon becomes an obsession. He is tortured, miserable.

In pursuit of his ideal from his earliest youth he clings to both men and women in a pathetic way, a truly moving spectacle. The story begins at the home of his mother in or near London. She is dying, and among the last things she does is to feel the deformed foot of her son, with what thoughts we may well imagine. Later in the home of his uncle, William Carey, vicar of Blackstable in Kent, we find him suffering for want of sympathy and concealing his shyness and desire behind a veil of assumed indifference. By Carey and his wife he is fostered in a somewhat stern way until his schooldays at Tercenbury begin. There he is tortured by unfeeling playmates, unconscious of the agony which his deformity causes him, until he is ready to leave for a higher school, and presumably prepare himself for the ministry.

Study, and an innate opposition to the life, decide him to leave and go to Heidelberg, Germany, where apparently he remains for a year and rids himself of all his early religious beliefs. A little later he returns to England uncertain as to his career, and enters the office of a chartered accountant in London, for which privilege he pays. If anyone has ever given a better description of English clerkly life I am not aware of it. After a year he gives this up, finding himself unsuited to it, and essays art, the suggestions and enthusiasms of certain friends impelling him to it. Two years of the Latin Quarter, Paris, and the fierce discussions which rage around the newer movements in art make it clear to him that he is unsuited for that field, and with a sense of defeat he gives it up. A few months later he enters a medical school in London with a view to becoming a physician. It is here that his loneliness and his passion for sympathy drive him into a weird relationship with a waitress in an A B C restaurant in London which eventually eats up the remainder of his small fortune of twelve hundred pounds. Finally, penniless and destitute, sleeping on park benches for days, he is compelled to enter a London shop as a clerk at six shillings a week "and found." Those who place so much faith in the intellectual supremacy of the English and their right to lead the world on to Elysian fields of perfection might study the picture which he gives of underworld clerk life with profit. There is no more degrading form of wage slavery practised by any nation, civilized or uncivilized.

Two years of this and then the vicar of Blackstable dies, leaving him a competence of six hundred pounds wherewith he is able to restore himself to his medical studies. In four years more he has acquired his diploma, and is now ready to become a general practitioner. Curiously the story rises to no spired climax. To some it has apparently appealed as a drab, unrelieved narrative. To me at least it is a gorgeous weave, as interesting and valuable at the beginning as at the end. There is material in its three hundred thousand and more words for many novels and indeed several philosophies, and even a religion or stoic hope. There are a series of women, of course—drab, pathetic, enticing as the case may be—who lead him through the mazes of sentiment, sex, love, pity, passion, a wonderful series of portraits and of incidents. There are a series of men friends of a peculiarly inclusive range of intellectuality and taste, who lead him, or whom he leads, through all the intricacies of art, philosophy, criticism, humor. And lastly comes life itself, the great land and sea of people, England, Germany, France, battering, corroding, illuminating, a Goyaesque world.

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Naturally I asked myself how such a book would be received in America, in England. In the latter country I was sure, with its traditions of the *Athenaeum* and the *Saturday Review*, it would be adequately appreciated. Imagine my surprise to find that the English reviews were almost uniformly contemptuous and critical on moral and social grounds. The hero was a weakling, not for a moment to be tolerated by sound, right-thinking men. On the other hand in America the reviewers for the most part have seen its true merits and stated them. Need I say, however, that the New York *World* finds it "the sentimental servitude of a poor fool"; or that the Philadelphia *Press* sees fit to dub it "futile Philip" or that the *Outlook* feels that "the author might have made his book true without making it so frequently distasteful"; or that the *Dial* cries, "a most depressing impression of the futility of life"? "No brilliancy of style," mourns the Detroit *Times*. "Young folks are warned off," urges the Portland *Oregonian*. (As if that young person could be induced to examine so profound and philosophic a work!) "Certainly the story cannot be said to be in any sense a wholesome one, and it would require a distinctly morbid taste for one to enjoy it thoroughly." (Note the "thoroughly"). This from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. "One longs after reading these novels where spineless men and women yield without a struggling to the forces of evil"—but I cannot go on. It is too trite. You must judge for yourself how the reviewer on the *Saturday Evening Post* of Burlington, Ia., felt about it.

Despite these dissonant voices it is still a book of the utmost import, and has so been received. Compact of the experiences, the dreams, the hopes, the fears, the disillusionments, the ruptures, and the philosophisings of a strangely starved soul, it is a beacon light by which the wanderer may be guided. Nothing is left out; the author writes as though it were a labor of love. It bears the imprint of an eager, almost consuming desire to say truly what is in his heart.

Personally I found myself aching with pain when, yearning for sympathy, Philip begs the wretched Mildred, never his mistress but on his level, to no more than tolerate him. He finally humiliates himself to the extent of exclaiming, "You don't know what it means to be a cripple!" The pathos of it plumbs the depths. The death of Fannie Price, of the sixteen-year-old mother in the slum, of Cronshaw, and the rambling agonies of old Ducroz and of Philip himself, are perfect in their appeal.

There are many other and all equally brilliant pictures. No one short of a genius could rout the philosophers from their lairs and label them as individuals "tempering life with rules agreeable to themselves," or could follow Mildred Rogers, waitress of the London A B C restaurant, through all the shabby windings of her tawdry soul. No other than a genius endowed with an immense capacity for understanding and pity could have sympathized with Fannie Price, with her futile and self-destructive art dreams; or old Cronshaw, the wastrel of poetry and philosophy; or Mons. Ducroz, the worn-out revolutionary; or Thorne Athelny, the caged grandee of Spain; or Leonard Upjohn, airy master of the art of self advancement; or Dr. South, the vicar of Blackstable, and his wife—these are masterpieces. They are marvelous portraits; they are as smooth as a Vermeer, as definite as a Hals, as brooding and moving as a Rembrandt. The study of Carey himself, while one ees him more as a medium through which the others exress themselves, still registers photographically at times. e is by no means a brooding voice but a definite, active, orous character.

TIFFANY & CO.

PEARLS - A LARGE ASSORTMENT

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

If the book can be said to have a fault it will lie for some in its length, 300,000 words, or for others in the peculiar reticence with which the last love affair in the story is handled. Until the coming of Sallie Athelny all has been described with the utmost frankness. No situation, however crude or embarrassing, has been shirked. In the matter of the process by which he arrived at the intimacy which resulted in her becoming pregnant not a word is said. All at once, by a slight frown which she subsequently explains, the truth is forced upon you that there has been a series of intimacies which have not been accounted for. After Mildred Rogers and his relationship with Norah Nesbit it strikes one as strange.

I feel about this book, as I look back on it now, much as old Cronshaw in the story felt about the rug which was to clarify for Carey the meaning of life:

> As the weaver elaborated his pattern for no end but the pleasure of his aesthetic sense, so might a man live his life, or, if he was forced to believe that his actions were outside his choosing, so might a man look at his life, that it made a pattern. There was little need to do this or there was little need to do that. It was merely something that he did for his own pleasure. Out of the manifold events of his life, his deeds, his feelings, his thoughts, he might make a design, regular, elaborated, complicated or beautiful; and though it might be no more than an illusion that he had the power of selection, that did not matter; it seemed and so to him it was. In the vast warp of life, with the background to his fancies that there was no meaning and that nothing was important, a man might get a

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personal satisfaction in selecting the various strands that worked out the pattern. . . . What happened to him now would be one more motive to add to the complexity of the pattern, and when the end approached he would rejoice in its completion. It would be a work of art and it would be none the less beautiful because he alone knew of its existence, and with his death it would at once cease to be.

And so it is, Mr. Maugham, this life of Philip Carey as you have woven it. One feels as though one were sitting before a splendid Shiraz or Daghestan of priceless texture and intricate weave, admiring, feeling, responding sensually to its colors and tones. Or better yet it is as though a symphony of great beauty by a master, Strauss or Beethoven, had just been completed and the bud notes and flower tones were filling the air with their elusive message, fluttering and dying. Mr. Maugham, as I understand it, has written eleven conventional books and as many plays. It may be that for years, as the paragraph quoted suggests, he has lived willing that the large knowledge which this book reveals should remain unseen and even perish with him. For all of that he is none the less a great artist. Vicariously, it seems to me, he has suffered for the joy of the many who are to read after him. By no willing of his own he has been compelled to take life by the hand and go down where there has been little save sorrow and degradation. The cup of gall and wormwood has obviously been lifted to his lips and to the last drop he has been compelled to drink it. Because of this we are enabled to see the rug, woven of the tortures and the delights of a life. We may actually walk and talk with one whose hands and feet have been pierced with nails.

THEODORE DREISER.

Minimum Wage in Practice

The Establishment of Minimum Rates in the Tailoring Industry under the Trade Boards Act of 1909, by R. H. Tawney. The Ratan Tata Foundation, University of London. London: Bell.

OF all the war's catastrophes, none greater than the waste of social experiment in England: this bitter truth strikes home to one reading Mr. Tawney's recent study of minimum wages in the tailoring trade, under the British Trade Boards act of 1909. Here was an experiment full of hope, a new departure in the western hemisphere in an occupation of baffling complexities. Readers of Mr. Tawney's first monograph on the chainmakers will turn with eagerness to this second one. The evidence on which it is based was collected in 1913 and 1914, and hence deals with conditions existing before the war. The volume is marked by the same distinction of thought and form as the first study, the same preoccupation with underlying essentials in a maze of details.

The tailoring board encountered almost every conceivable type of employer and worker, and many special geographical and racial problems. Its scope was limited to what the British call "ready-made and wholesale bespoke (*i.e.*, wholesale custom) tailoring" for men. The goods manufactured range in quality from men's costumes for court receptions to suits for the export Kaffir trade, "clothing which has abandoned all pretense of being anything except the temporary integument of bipeds." About 130,000 workers in factories and workshops and probably between 15,000 and 22,000 home workers are subject to the board's regulations.

To those persons who fear that the establishment of legal minimum rates means a sudden dislocation of business, the "excessive caution" of the tailoring board should be reassuring. Its first meeting was held in December, 1910. Its final proposals were issued in August, 1912, and were not made obligatory until February, 1913, after prolonged hearings and modifications.

No general increase in wages has resulted, and the legal minimum is, especially to American eyes, inordinately low: 3¼d per hour for women and 6d for men, the minimum wage for the established fifty-hour week being thus 25s for men and 13s, 6½d for women. Scarcely a living wage. Yet let it be remembered that even this poor sum, 25s per week, is more than what is earned by a substantial portion —probably a third—of more than 8,000,000 adult men in regular British industries, working full time. This Charles Booth proved for London, Rowntree for York, and more recent investigators have indicated for Dundee, Northampton and other widely scattered urban populations.

So far as concerns the tailoring trade, Mr. Tawney shows that the legal minimum meant an increase for at least a third of the women and a quarter of the men employed, that is, the most poorly paid strata of workers, chiefly those situated in London and the southern districts of England. In Yorkshire and Lancashire the earnings have been little affected, because they were already higher than the minimum established. No fixed piece rates were set by the board, owing to infinite variations in pay, differing not only from district to district, but from employer to employer. Accordingly the individual employers were required to raise their piece rates so that the hourly earnings of the workers should yield the hourly minimum prescribed by the board.

But it is not the immediate increase in wages which is the most arresting feature of the trade board system. Its real achievements, deeper and farther reaching, are set forth by Mr. Tawney with a wealth of discriminating illustrations. It is the new reactions of workers and employers to new incentives which promise most; the overhauling of organization, of machinery and the whole conduct of business on the part of employers; the new impulse to labor, because more alert and hopeful, on the part of employees. The consequences following an increase or reduction in wages are "not merely quantitative," says Mr. Tawney, "but qualitative. The consequences are comparable to the effect not of mechanical stresses, but of chemical reactions. There is more in the result than appears in the components, an unknown factor whose operation defies deductive reason." This unknown factor from which spring the truly significant changes lies precisely in the nature of the human agents, in the character of the management and the character of the workers, both of which, as Mr. Tawney makes clear, are responding to the new stimulus.

Such a response is the hopeful token to which Judge Learned Hand looks forward, in his recent discussion of the Australian minimum wage experience in THE NEW REPUBLIC for November 20th:

> It has been long recognized that a sudden rise in the standard of living may alone be enough to raise the class which gets it, since it reacts upon their own mental attitude towards life. . . . [This] may so change the workman's approach to his daily routine as to make the increased wage a cheap industrial expedient, even when viewed in the most mechanical way. The result stands in trial, not in dialectic.

It is now precisely the results of trial, not of dialec that Mr. Tawney gives us. He puts the case concre

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by setting side by side the typical budgets of two working women—one a worker in the tailoring trade, the other a weaver. The figures are taken from the Board of Trade's report on expenditure of wage-earning women and girls (C. D. 5963 of 1911, pp. 10-15). The weaver protected by a powerful trade union earns about three times as much per year as the tailoring worker. She spends on board and lodging more than twice as much as the latter, on extra food nearly four times as much, on dress half as much again. "But no human being can live on necessaries alone." Holidays and picnics, books and papers, trade-union dues—these things, says Mr. Tawney, are necessaries "if by necessary one means an indispensable condition of not animal existence, but of an intelligent life and energetic work." And on such things, compared with the weaver, the tailoring worker spends next to nothing at all. The Board of Trade report is only too correct, in Mr. Tawney's opinion, when it links together "the deficiency in the supply of food, clothing and bright surroundings necessitated by low wages, and the resulting inefficiency of the worker."

Nor is this view merely hypothesis. There is no "special mystery" about the cotton trade, with its relatively higher standard of living and more efficient workers. In the tailoring trade itself the employers who pay relatively higher wages experience exactly the same results. On this point Mr. Tawney quotes confirming opinions of both employers and workers. North-country firms that have factories also in the south where wages are lowest, are in a position to compare the relative efficiency of northern and southern workers. The statement of one Yorkshire manufacturer is typical:

> I established a factory in the south of England and therefore had an opportunity of discovering whether it was true that the industry was handicapped in the south by inefficient labor. I found that the girls there were just as good workers as in the north, provided they were properly paid. The manufacturers in —— are beaten because they pay low wages.

Similar views are expressed by several firms operating under the minimum rates established by the tailoring board. It is true that other factors have led to increased output since the rate was fixed, but Mr. Tawney has no doubt whatever, from the evidence before him, that the greater efficiency of higher-paid workers has contributed largely. He quotes a manufacturer:

> Piece rates have been raised on every class of work, and the result of raising them has been to encourage the girls to do more work. Naturally so, for they work more cheerfully. They come to be paid with very different countenances from what they used to have.

Granted, however, that the workers' energies are stimulated both directly and in more subtle ways by the increased wage, what of the "marginal producer," for whom Judge Hand puts in a proviso, who can just make both ends meet?

> His profits are nominal, yet his portion of the total production is as real as anyone's. Add to his burdens and you throw his men out of work.

Here again Mr. Tawney gives the answer of experience, the result of trial, not of dialectic. There are probably not many industries, he holds, in which the actual product is identical with the potential product under good condition of labor and management. What the trial of the tailoring board and other industries under the trade board system suggests is that "almost the first effect of an addition in wages is to lead the employers most affected by it to search and search successfully for ways of producing cheaply, to which they were indifferent before the advance took place."

Space does not permit us to pursue Mr. Tawney's keen analysis of this process, which he sees developing in four main directions: a new emphasis upon the training of workers to make them capable of earning the higher wage; redivision and regrouping of work; introduction of new machinery and new kinds of power; a closer supervision of earnings and work.

One illuminating instance may serve to show the character of the change. Before the act went into effect one of the workers' most reasonable causes of complaint in the tailoring trade as in many others was the "time lost" waiting for work, owing to incompetent management. There was constant congestion of materials in some departments with a consequent lack of employment in others. This irregular flow caused many girls and women to be detained on the premises, idle, neither earning wages nor free to go home. But the determination of the trade board has worked a marked change. Piece-workers must now be paid at least 3¼d per hour during the whole time that they are in the factory, whether they are actually working or not. This has naturally led to a new scrutiny of the industry. A waste has been checked of that capital which alone is common and equal for all humankind: of time, "the daily miracle . . . the inexplicable raw material of everything." It has been found possible to lessen materially the waiting for work, and the same output is achieved in shorter hours. Not only has a genuine grievance been removed, but an impetus has been supplied for searching reorganization, so that the work shall go forward without interruption.

The mere prevalence of a low rate in any district, therefore, is not proof that the industry cannot pay higher wages. On the contrary, it is in the variations of pay between the low-wage and high-wage districts and the demonstrated difference in their productive capacities that Mr. Tawney sees the real answer to the opponents of the trade board system.

Conceivably there may be employers who cannot reach the level of efficiency necessary to enable them to pay even a low minimum. In the tailoring trade, whose intricacies make it perhaps the *experimentum crucis* of the minimum wage, Mr. Tawney finds no evidence of such a result, except in a small number of cases. "So great are the opportunities for skilful organization offered by most modern machine industries, so much are they neglected when employers can pay any wage they please, and so potent are the effects of the erection of a standard to which they must conform, that the establishment of minimum rates has been followed, at least in the tailoring industry, by a general increase of efficiency both among workers and among manufacturers."

Such were the hopeful conclusions from the eighteen months' trial of the tailoring board. Its defects of administration, the only partial enforcement of orders and the inadequate number of inspectors, bade fair to be improved. An increase of pay for women had been agreed upon to go into effect in August, 1914. But on that date social experiment in England was shattered.

JOSEPHINE GOLDMARK.

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